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THE ONLY SAFE GROUND.—[FROM A SKETCH BY MARY HALL.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1875.

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THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

THE political situation is extremely interesting. A few months since it was asserted that there were no practical issues, that the country was tired of the Republicans, and that it would not distrust the Democratic party to-day merely because it was the tool of slavery yesterday. Reform, it was said, is impossible without a change; the faults and failures of the Republican party will hopelessly crush it, and the Democrats are now re-enforced by new and young blood and by wiser and nobler ideas. The signs of the times, indeed, did not favor this theory. The election of EATON in Connecticut and COCKERELL in Missouri to the Senate, the sheer partisanship in New Hampshire, and the cry for repeal of the laws enforcing the amendments, seemed to show that new Presbyter was but old Priest writ large. Still the zeal of Governor TILDEN in exposing and pursuing the New York canal frauds was a happy augury, and on May-day the prospects of the Democratic party were encouraging. But the Ohio Democratic proclamation of inflation in that month, followed by that of Pennsylvania in September, simultaneously with the evidence on all sides that the better sentiment of the Republicans is coming into control of the party, with its bold and wise declarations of a policy suited to the hour, have entirely changed the situation. The circumstances have forced Republican inflationists into silence or open adherence to a sound financial policy, and on the other hand have compelled the Democratic hard-money men, with various writhings and contortions, into the acceptance of the rag policy. Messrs. MORTON and FERRY have modified their views, and Messrs. THURMAN and HENDRICKS support ALLEN, CARY, and a financial scheme which they have denounced as false and ruinous.

The elections in Ohio and Pennsylvania have, therefore, very great and peculiar interest. If the Democrats carry both of those States, they will go into the election of next year upon a platform of inflation. This would insure a certain party defection. But those who think that it would seriously divide the party should remember that a party spirit which is strong enough to make men like Messrs. THURMAN, HENDRICKS, and PUGH sustain in a State election what they believe to be a disastrous policy would certainly subdue them in the momentous struggle of a national campaign. They would consider their duty discharged by opposing that policy in the Convention, as Mr. BAYARD opposed the nomination of Mr. GREELEY in 1872. But when inflation became the party platform, these gentlemen would be compelled to yield to the "greater wisdom" of the whole party, or to take the responsibility of a protest and schism which would secure a Republican victory. We do not believe that they would be bold and wise and patriotic enough to take such a course. It can not be doubted, if Mr. THURMAN can support Mr. ALLEN upon an inflation platform in Ohio, knowing that Mr. ALLEN'S success would make his platform national, that he would support, for the same reason, a candidate for the Presidency upon a similar platform. Is there good reason for supposing that Democrats in other States, of the same standing as Mr. THURMAN, would do differently? Democratic success in Ohio, therefore, would make inflation the Democratic platform next year, and upon that, we agree with the *Staats-Zeitung*, of New York, the party would be beaten. If there were a Democratic bolt and a third candidate, Democratic defeat would be only more certain; but such a movement would not necessarily lead, as the *Staats-Zeitung* supposes, to a general dissolution and reorganization of parties. For the Republican party would remain the political organization of the sound and victorious financial sentiment of the country, as in 1861 it remained that of the sound antislavery and Union sentiment.

Democratic defeat in Ohio and Pennsylvania would dispose of inflation as the national Democratic platform in 1876, but it would leave a fatal feud in the party, and the fact could not be concealed from the country that the danger of inflation was latent in Democratic ascendency. The question would then be whether the general welfare, including that of a sound financial policy, were safer with a Democratic than a Republican Administration. The election would proceed upon the general character and tendencies of the two parties, and their relations to existing questions and the national situation. Both parties would be pledged to specie payments, to a wise and magnanimous policy in the Southern States, and to general efficiency, honesty, and economy of administration. The practical question would be whether the Democratic party would probably deal more justly than the Republican with all the people in the Southern States, white and black, turbulent and peaceful; whether it would be more likely than the Republican, with the resolutions of this year in Ohio and Pennsylvania, to adopt a broad and just financial policy; and whether there were any reason to believe that those with whom it would fill the offices would be more efficient and honest than Republicans. These would be the actual questions, and if in the mean while the evident resolution of the Republicans to discard evil counsels and counselors should continue to assert itself, and those who have been always Republicans should see that the name still retained its old significance of administrative justice and efficiency, the election, although more peaceful than one upon the issue of inflation or repudiation and dishonesty, would hardly fail to be favorable to the Republicans. We see no reason to suppose that they will make any foolish mistake in any State. The tone of their canvass in Ohio, the wisdom and independence of their action in New York, and the spirit of the Republican press, all show a force of character and conviction which is full of happy augury.

STATE PLATFORMS AND NATIONAL ISSUES.

THE *Herald* states that the President, in commenting upon the proceedings of the New York Convention, regretted that it had become the practice for State Conventions to declare themselves upon questions of national policy. But upon reflection the President will see that as parties are formed upon national issues, yet are organized in the States, and as the national action of the party occurs only once in four years, and then only in the declaration of a general policy and the nomination of a President, it is unavoidable that the party in the various States should speak to national questions, in order that its national action may be intelligent and timely. Besides, it is not often that parties in the States are divided upon questions of State policy. There may sometimes be an issue of constitutional changes or of some great public work, but generally the State election is contested with a view to national considerations. The theory is that, in order to maintain its organization, each party will nominate honest and able candidates for the State administration; but they are supported or opposed because of their relation to national politics. The opposition to Mr. TILDEN as Governor of New York was not that he was an incapable or dishonest man, but that his election tended to the national success of the Democratic party and to all that such a result implies.

The State declaration upon national issues is, therefore, a most justifiable and necessary action. How is it possible otherwise to know the condition or measure the progress of national party sentiment? If the National Convention is regarded as the proper exponent of that sentiment, how can that Convention speak intelligently if the party in every State has been silent? Political action depends largely upon sympathy. Men are willing to do what they know that others are ready to support. If the Ohio Democrats had not declared for rags and repudiation, the Pennsylvania Democrats would not have done the same thing. The State party declarations upon the subject show the feeling and drift of the party, and enable the voters of two or three States to settle the question for the whole country. It is upon every ground desirable that the country be spared a Presidential contest upon the issue of inflation, and the State elections offer a method of settlement. If Ohio, Pennsylvania, and New York pronounce at the polls this year against the Democratic policy of inflation, the Democratic party will not offer that issue to the country next year.

So, upon the Republican side, if the National Convention should meet next year without any local authoritative declarations upon the third term, it would be impossible to say decisively that the renomination of the President was repugnant to the party. But now that New Hampshire, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota, and New York have spoken in tones not to be mistaken, there is no doubt of the feeling of the Republican party upon this subject: there will be no suggestion of a renomination of the President in the Convention next year, and the party will be spared even the chance of the defeat which the renomination would insure. Here is another signal illustration of the advantage of State declarations upon national topics. We differ from the President's opinion, if he is correctly reported, that but a slight degree of importance attaches in a National Convention to the declarations of State Conventions. The national Republican platform of 1872 was a summary of the State platforms of that year, and we have little doubt that it was prepared with direct reference to those platforms. If the Democrats declare for inflation in 1876, it will be because the State Conventions have shown the leaders how strong that tendency is; and if the Republicans next year declare for administrative reform, and for a wise, honest, and humane policy, it will be because the State Conventions this year have shown that it is the demand of the party.

THE MAINE ELECTION.

THE election in Maine is very suggestive. The explanation of the reduction of the Republican majority by local causes is not satisfactory, for local causes are always operative, and are therefore a constant element in the result. The significant fact is that the Democratic demand of inflation in Ohio and in Pennsylvania—although, indeed, the declaration of the latter State was very recent—was not enough to overbear local causes in Maine, or to arouse a vigorous spirit of protest. The consequence is evident, and it is a great strengthening of the inflation zeal. In other words, a Republican check—for such the reduced majority upon so full a vote must be considered—is an advantage for the inflationists, and makes repudiation and national dishonor very much more probable. The New York Democratic Convention has not made its declaration as we write, but it is conceded that the result in Maine and the platform in Pennsylvania make its action more doubtful. That is to say, while the Republican party becomes more and more pronounced for honesty, the Democratic more and more distinctly tends to a policy of national dishonor and industrial ruin. With ineffable silliness some of the Democratic organs daily denounce the Republicans as the authors of rag money, and revile them for tainting Democrats with their heresies. But the Republican party is recovering from the plague, while the Democrats are fast coming down with it; and a disease is dangerous where it is, and not where it is not. If inflation is fatal, it is not those who may have favored it yesterday, but those who sustain it to-day, who are dangerous to the country.

The New York Democratic declaration upon this subject last year was as emphatic as that of the Republicans this year. It was this:

> "First: Gold and silver the only legal tender; no currency inconvertible with coin. Second: Steady steps toward specie payment; no steps backward. Third: Honest payment of the public debt in coin; sacred preservation of the public faith."

Any thing less direct than that this year will be a surrender, and a sign that the New York Democracy unites with that of Ohio and Pennsylvania. The true policy for the party is simply to repeat its words of last year. If it fails to do it, the proof will be final of the Democratic position. Equivocation will be the same as declaration. If the Convention repeats its words of last year, the exact situation will be a division of the party. In two of the three greatest States of the Union it will have declared for inflation, and in one for a sound financial system. But this situation, as we suggest elsewhere, will not change the universal conviction that the danger of inflation, as of disregard for the actual settlements of the war, lies in that party. We say this not as partisans, for the question of the national honor, like that of the national existence, transcends party. When a political organization arrays itself against the national life, its members become public enemies, and it is an offense of the same kind to declare for the disgrace of the country and the wrong of honest labor. There was a time when patriotism and the support of the Republican party were identical; and if, as now seems most probable, the Democrats shall pronounce for inflation as their national policy, that time will have returned. There need be no superstition about party. It is a means, not an end. Honest men are Republicans or Democrats not for the sake of the party, but of the country; and the man who ridicules or hesitates to praise the honest public service of a political opponent may be a good partisan, but he is a bad citizen. The most lamentable sign of the power of party spirit which has recently appeared is the support by such men as Mr. THURMAN and Mr. HENDRICKS and Mr. PUGH of a policy which they believe to be dishonorable and fatal, because their party demanded it. When such men yield their sincerest convictions to the roar of a mob, they cease to be patriots, and forfeit the respect of all who prefer the welfare of the country to the success of a party.

If the Democratic Convention of New York shall prevaricate, or hesitate to reaffirm its financial declaration of last year, it will be fair to infer, since it is peculiarly a TILDEN Convention, that Governor TILDEN has taken substantially the position of the Ohio Democratic hard-money leaders. In that case he will have earned the just distrust of all good citizens. If, on the other hand, the Convention shall hold to its resolute words of last year, Governor TILDEN will have probably lost his chance of a nomination to the Presidency, but he will have greatly strengthened his efforts for the correction of public abuses in New York. The result in Maine strengthens the Democratic inflationists, and therefore the fidelity of the sound-money Democrats in New York would be all the more creditable.

THE SCHOOL QUESTION.

THERE is no declaration of the New York Republicans more timely or wiser than that in regard to the public schools. The *Tribune* is greatly mistaken in supposing that it was a device of the "Custom-house," or of any clique or claque, to "force the fighting," or to obscure by an unreal issue the actual one of honest State administration. The integrity of the public-school system is not made a political issue by the hurra of a convention, nor by the intrigues of schemers actually intent upon something else, but by the well-considered, resolute, and radical assault of the Roman hierarchy. Its sole hope of retaining its absolute ascendency in this country lies in the overthrow of the public schools, and its policy is, therefore, one of the most important problems of the hour, for that policy is plausible, crafty, and of fatal persistence. Cardinal MANNING, who is, perhaps, the ablest of the ultramontane Catholics, has recently made an address in which he unfolded the policy of Rome upon the subject. He confessed what we have always pointed out, and what explains the tenacity of Rome upon this point, that if children are not educated to be Romanists, they are unlikely to become so. Secure the child, is the political policy of Rome, and that can be done only by controlling the school. The cardinal urges that the great political duty of Romanists is to obtain the direction of the schools, and to stop what he calls Protestant teaching. And the Pope, the infallible chief of the Roman Church, has cursed the doctrine that the schools should be free from priestly control.

In this country the priestly attitude is not less determined and belligerent. To affect ignorance of it, is absurd. To ridicule the supposition that it means nothing, is puerile. To think that the question can be deprecated and waved out of sight as religion in politics, is merely to become the tool of priestly politicians. It is the priests, not the party politicians, who have put the school plank into the platforms of this year. The *Catholic World* is the chief organ of Rome in the United States, and it speaks for the only American cardinal. In a recent article the *Catholic World* says, "It is our duty to oppose to the pagan error that the State is master of education, the Christian truth that the Church alone is endowed with the power to educate the young." The Roman Bishop GILMOUR, of Cleveland, Ohio, in a pastoral letter denounces the secular public schools. "If we are Catholics," he says, "we must leave after us a Catholic youth; and experience has clearly proved this can not be done unless the children are early taught and daily taught that they are Catholics. We must not sleep while our enemies are working. Nor must we forget that the public schools are organized and managed for and in the interests of Protestantism......There is little danger of the old losing their faith, but there is every danger that the young will." The bishop, therefore, enjoins every church in his diocese to have a school, and if parents for trifling or insufficient reasons "refuse to send their children to a Catholic school, then, in such cases, but in such cases only, we authorize confessors to refuse the sacraments to such parents as thus despise the laws of the Church, and disobey the command of both priest and

bishop." This is the tone of priests to the people in the times and countries when the priests were the masters of the people; but it is a tone that Americans will hardly endure.

These are illustrations of the familiar fact that the Roman hierarchy hates the free public-school system. Is there any doubt that it means to urge its projects politically? The same bishop says, "Were Catholics alive and united on the school question, were they to demand from every man who asks their vote a pledge that he would vote for our just share of the school fund, legislators would learn to respect the Catholic vote, and give us our just rights." The *Catholic Telegraph*, in Cincinnati, edited by a brother of the Roman Archbishop Purcell, says, "We have agitated, and shall continue to agitate, for our share of the school fund as long as we are taxed to support schools which Catholic children can not attend." And the claim is that Catholic children can not attend any school which Catholics do not control. After Mr. Geghan had introduced his bill, and the Democratic majority in the Ohio Legislature hesitated, he said in his letter of the 3d of March, 1875: "We [the Romanists] have a prior claim upon the Democratic party......The party is under obligations to us, and we have a perfect right to demand of them as a party" support of the bill. The *Telegraph* enforced the demand, asserting that it would not be safe for political leaders or aspirants to political office to ignore or despise the Roman vote. It announced that the Democratic party was "upon its trial;" and when the Geghan bill passed, by the Democratic vote, the same paper announced that "the unbroken, solid vote of the Catholic citizens of the State will be given to the Democracy at the fall election."

Here is a question as important as that of the finances or the reform of the civil service. There is really no doubt that the New York Republican Convention spoke the truth in saying that the free public school is the bulwark of the American republic. That bulwark is assailed by the most crafty and able leaders, strengthened by an immense following of voters over whom they exercise a peculiar influence. Those leaders rely confidently upon the support of the Democratic party, to whose ascendency in every large State the votes which the ecclesiastical chiefs control are indispensable, and which has shown practically its willingness to concede the terms of the alliance. For a political convention to make a positive and ample declaration upon such a subject is not to force the fighting, but to accept the battle offered. The issue is presented, and whatever the Democratic party may do, the Republican refuses to evade it, but will meet it frankly, and settle it upon sound principles of equal liberty.

THE TRUE VICTORY.

However sound the Republican platform in New York may be—and it has been most warmly commended in every part of the State—it must not be forgotten that the election will be determined largely by the character and ability of the candidates for the Legislature. The Republican Convention set the most excellent example in the nomination of unexceptionable men for State officers. There has been no aspersion or question of any of them. Every name upon the ticket is, so far as is known, worthy to be associated with that of Mr. Frederick W. Seward at its head—a name which is spotless. The Convention invoked the people of the State to be especially careful in the selection of Assembly candidates. What is wanted in the work of canal reform is honest and efficient men. There is no necessity of electing Democrats to co-operate with the Governor, for many of the rascals against whom the proceedings are taken for swindling are Democrats. To be a Democrat, therefore, is not necessarily to be honest, and an Administration to work with the Governor would not be more efficient simply because it was of his own party. Mr. Bigelow is not of his party; Mr. Bigelow is a Republican. But Governor Tilden would doubtless admit that Mr. Bigelow has been quite as earnest and efficient as he would have been were he a Democrat. Attorney-General Barlow was certainly not a Democrat; but his war upon the Canal Ring was quite as vigorous and resolute as that of the Governor. Republicans have shown themselves as fully in earnest for the punishment of canal thieves as Democrats, and no voter need imagine that the Governor must be surrounded by Democratic partisans in order to carry on the good work. Indeed, he would be under less temptation to give his efforts a partisan character if he were deprived of the opportunity of doing so.

But any man, wherever he may be nominated, and whether he be Republican or Democrat, who is not above suspicion, and who will not cordially sustain the work of canal reform, should be defeated. This is the Republican doctrine in the election of the autumn. And there will be no hesitation in putting this principle in practice. If the Republicans in Massachusetts Essex were resolute enough to defeat General Butler for Congress, they will not hesitate to beat all kinds and degrees of General Butlers in the Legislative districts of New York. Let the State ticket be the type of that of every Assembly district. Let every Republican delegate oppose the nomination of unfit candidates. Let every Republican journal expose them, and every Republican voter vote against them. It is not the success of the party merely, but the success of the party upon its platform of patriotism, honesty, and capacity, which is the true Republican victory.

WHAT IS KNOWN.

The *Evening Post* said, before the meeting of the Democratic Convention in New York,

"What New York's believers in an honest currency now want to know is whether the New York Democrats are ready to do all in their power to defeat the fatal heresies within their own organization."

What New York's believers in an honest currency know, and knew when these words were published, is that the New York Republicans have declared unequivocally that "further inflation of the currency, under any pretense whatever, would be a fatal public calamity." What they will know when this paper is published is whether the New York Democrats have made a declaration more decisive than this. And whatever Democrats may do in New York, "New York's believers in an honest currency" know that in Ohio and Pennsylvania they demand inflation. The experience of this year, including the conduct of Mr. Thurman, Mr. Hendricks, and Mr. Pugh, certainly does not teach the believers in an honest currency, whether in New York or elsewhere, to expect it of the Democratic party.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS'S VIEW.

Mr. Frederick Douglass was recently interviewed, and, according to a report in the Washington *National Republican*, he said:

"My idea is that but little advice is needed to the colored people. They are a docile and peace-loving race. They committed no outrages upon the hearths and homes of their late masters when the war gave them a chance to do it with impunity. Human nature is not changed in an instant. They are the same peace-loving people to-day that they were during the war, and it would be a terrible responsibility for any man to counsel violence on their part; nevertheless, they are men, and being men, they can not and ought not to be expected to submit tamely to violence and murder. My own impression is that when the Government will not or can not protect the black man, he ought to and will finally try to protect himself. There are scoundrels, midnight murderers, who have respect for no moral consideration. They are scarcely to be called human. They are wolves and tigers in human form, and to slaughter one of them is no more a crime than to slay a real tiger when his fangs are in one's flesh. My experience as a slave impressed upon me this lesson—that he is whipped oftenest who is whipped easiest, and that as long as the negro will tamely submit to be killed unresistingly there will be blood-thirsty cowards enough in the South to kill him. If the negroes must die at the South, my advice to them is to sell their lives as dearly as possible. Let it be seen by those cowardly mobocrats that in attempting to slaughter black men they invite the knife to their own throats and fire and rapine to their own hearth-stones, and they will cease."

In saying this Mr. Douglass says only what every self-respecting white man would say of his own race, that when the Government can not or will not protect them, they will and should protect themselves. There is no more reason that the colored people of any county in Mississippi or Georgia should acquiesce in perpetual terror and harrying because of their color than that the white citizens of Wayne or Chautauqua County in New York should do the same thing. Mr. Douglass has the profoundest contempt for the "rose-colored statements and gushing assurances" of the old Southern aristocracy and of Northern correspondents that the ex-slave-holding sentiment has accepted the situation. He holds such a result to be impossible within so short a time, and that many years of protection by the Government will be indispensable before the colored people will acquire the manly independence becoming freemen.

The opinion of Frederick Douglass upon such a question is entitled to very great consideration and respect. He alone in the country speaks with most authority for those who are most concerned. His voice is that of the intelligent colored race. More than any other man he is their representative, and what he says is thoughtful and reasonable. His conclusion—and it must be that of all sagacious men—is that the party of the old slave-drivers and their abettors should not be trusted with the defense of the new rights of the late slaves, but that that defense should remain with those who have always shown their fidelity to equal rights. This fidelity, while it should be, as the New York Republican platform demands, just, should be also generous and forbearing, that is to say, it should regard all the circumstances. It certainly does not require such representatives as Marshal Packard and Collector Casey and others, who have had regard solely to party interests. For nothing is plainer than that if the local national officers in the Southern States had been as truly wise and patriotic as they have been partisan, continued Republican ascendency would be less imperiled than it is. The party has been wounded by friends rather than by enemies. Yet every sign shows that its better sentiment, conscious of this fact, is rapidly resuming the control. This is a happy augury for the future; for we agree with Mr. Douglass that Democratic restoration would be an inexpressible calamity to his race, and therefore a disaster to the country.

PERSONAL.

The Hon. Lewis B. Woodruff, United States Circuit Court Judge for the Second Circuit, died recently at Litchfield, Connecticut, aged sixty-six. He was as a lawyer careful, accurate, honest, and laborious; as a judge, he did credit to the bench by his integrity and his learning. He was born in Litchfield, Connecticut, graduated at its law school (then famous under Judge Gould), removed to the city of New York, and became connected in business with the Hon. George Wood. He married a daughter of Chief Justice Hornblower, of New Jersey, one of the early opponents of slavery. He was elected to the office of Judge of the Common Pleas, and afterward of the Superior Court; was then appointed Judge of the Court of Appeals, and in 1870 was selected by President Grant for the office which he filled with such credit and success. By his talents, his high sense of honor, his private excellence, and his valuable attainments, Judge Woodruff had raised the character of his profession and adorned the bench.

—"Ellis Gray," of Boston, the author of the article on "The Flower Mission" in *Harper's Magazine* for May, 1874, contributes to the October number of that periodical a beautiful and suggestive paper on "The Mission of Music," treating especially of the prospects of musical education in this country. It is indicative of the rapid progress which is being made in this field that a measure spoken of by the writer as yet unaccomplished has been carried out while her article was going through the press, namely, the establishment by the overseers of Harvard College of a full professorship of music. It is probable that Mr. John Knowles Paine will be appointed to fill the position thus created.

—The Rev. Dr. W. E. M'Laren, just chosen Bishop of Illinois, has had a remarkable career for so young a man. He is forty-four, and was born in Geneva, New York. In 1861 he entered the Presbyterian ministry. Soon afterward he went to South America as a missionary. In 1872 he left the Presbyterian for the Episcopal Church. At one time he was editor of the Cleveland *Plaindealer*. In church matters he is of the De Koven school, but is said to be a man of excellent judgment and fine administrative ability. A jump from Presbyterianism to the Episcopal bench in less than four years is a clerical feat never before accomplished in the United States or in Europe.

—In Julian Charles Young's *Last Leaves* a statement is made by Lady Alford that, when she was in Seville, she was in the Casa de Pilatos, where there were many mutilated antiquities. There she first learned that the radical word from which "*Punch*" was formed was *Pontius*, from Pontius Pilate, who, according to local tradition, was Governor of Iberia (that part of Spain which extends from the Pyrenees to the Straits of Gibraltar), and dwelt in the house which still bears his name in Seville. After completing his diplomatic career there, it is said that he retired into private life in Switzerland, on a mountain overlooking the Lake of Lucerne, and which from that derived its name, Mount Pilatus.

—Some of our charitable institutions are made recipients of donations by the will of Mr. Thomas Barron, a Southern gentleman who died a few days since in this city. To the New York Eye Infirmary, New York Juvenile Asylum, New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, American Female Guardian Society, New York Hospital, $5000 each; to the New York Historical Society, $10,000; and $50,000 to buy ground and erect a library and free reading-room in Woodbridge, New Jersey. After bequests to all his relatives, he leaves the residue of his estate of some six millions of dollars to his nephew, John C. Barron.

—Mr. Spottiswoode, who lately read a paper on "Light" before the British Association, is a member of the firm of Eyre & Spottiswoode, the famous Queen's Printers. Before the Crimean war he was affianced to Florence Nightingale, the match having been broken off, it was reported, because that devoted lady regarded the nursing of sick and wounded soldiers at Scutari as a higher mission than marriage. Mr. Spottiswoode gratuated B.A. as a first-class in mathematics at Baliol College, Oxford, in 1845, and is a Fellow of the Society of Arts, and of the Astronomical, Royal, Geographical, Asiatic, and Ethnological societies.

—Mr. Alexander Macdonald stated recently at a meeting of Derbyshire miners that from the age of eight years until he was twenty-six he had worked in a pit. By his own toil he earned and saved £250, which he spent in attending the University of Glasgow. Most of the improvements as to the prevention of women and children working under-ground had been inaugurated by him.

—Mr. Toole, the comedian, is a doubly fortunate man. First, he was fortunate in being able to take away with him as the reward of his professional trip to the United States $30,000 in bills of Duncan, Sherman, & Co. Second, he had the additional good fortune of drawing the money on those only a few hours before the announcement of their suspension.

—Hon. R. H. Duell, the new Commissioner of Patents, was born at Warren in 1824; received a common-school and academic education; was District Attorney of Cortland County from 1850 to 1855; was County Judge of the same county from 1855 to 1859; was Assessor of Internal Revenue for the Twenty-third District of New York from 1869 to 1871; was elected to the Thirty-sixth, Thirty-seventh, and Forty-second Congresses, and was re-elected to the Forty-third Congress as a Republican. He has had large experience as a patent lawyer, and brings to his new position many of the high and peculiar qualities that should be possessed by an official who has to look over the handiwork of the cunningest folks in the world.

—Mr. Wirt Sikes a few days ago saved Miss Jenny Wilson, of Brooklyn, from drowning at Long Branch.

—Mr. Homer B. Sprague, formerly Professor of English Literature at Cornell University, and recently principal of the Adelphi Academy in Brooklyn, is among the new lecturers of the winter. Colonel Sprague was a brave soldier in the war, and he is a graceful and accomplished speaker, with the voice and instinct of an orator, while his studies have peculiarly fitted him for the literary topics which he selects. He is upon Mr. Redpath's list.

—Truly a "cattle king" is Captain Richard King, of Texas. At his ranch he has a field of 60,000 acres within one fence. He recently filled an order by telegraph for 26,000 beeves.

—The Speaker of the House of Commons, Mr. Brand, is thus sketched by Mr. Edmund Yates in a recent number of the London *World*: "Nature has gifted Mr. Brand with some qualities the possession of which, though not absolutely indispensable to the fulfillment of his high office, adds greatly to its grace and its effect. Tall and straight in person, he carries off the ridiculousness of the wig to which he is condemned, and wears with dignity the flowing robe. He has a rich full voice, which he manages with great skill, never, even when a Biggar bounces from his seat and defies decency, or when Mr. Plimsoll persists in standing in the middle of the floor, hastening its slow utterance. This may seem a small thing, but its effect upon the order of an assembly like the House of Commons is marvelous. Jorkins says that if you have a boiler full of steam, and squirt through it a thin stream of cold water, the instant effect will be that the volume of steam condenses and is reduced to its original bulk of water. Very frequently during the past session has the House got beyond the mark of 212° on the Parliamentary thermometer, and if we had not had the Speaker always ready with the squirt and the thin stream of cold water, there might have been a serious explosion. What have come to be called 'scenes' in the House of Commons are like Topsy—they are not made, they grow. Very sudden and unexpected is the growth. In nine cases out of ten it is from a blue sky that thunder-bolts fall on the House of Commons; and if the Speaker were not prepared to meet each in the particular manner in which alone it may be satisfactorily handled, the consequences would be disastrous to the dignity of the House. Not once in the long and varied series of 'scenes' that have made the session memorable has the Speaker faltered for an instant. He has always known what to do, and, without haste or hesitation, he has done it, covering with the broad cloak of his personal dignity the littleness of the brawl."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The New York Democratic State Convention met at Syracuse September 16, re-adopted the hard-money planks of the Baltimore platform of 1872 and the entire State platform of 1874, and nominated the following State officers: For Secretary of State, John Bigelow, of Orange County; Comptroller, Lucius Robinson, of Chemung County; Attorney-General, Charles S. Fairchild, of Albany County; State Treasurer, Charles N. Ross, of Cayuga County; State Engineer, John D. Van Buren, Jun., of New York; Canal Commissioner, Christopher A. Walrath, of Madison County; State Prison Inspector, Rodney C. Crowley, of Cattaraugus County.

The Maine State election, September 13, resulted in the choice of the Republican ticket by about 5000 majority. Mr. Plaisted is probably elected to Congress. The vote was much heavier than that of last year.

Nine New Jersey counties in the recent election gave 20,000 majority for the amendments opposed by the Catholics.

A terrific storm burst upon the Southern coast, September 15, sweeping from Key West to the Rio Grande. At last accounts the city of Galveston was partly submerged, and the water was still rising. The Ocean House, on the Gulf beach, is entirely surrounded by water, and the out-houses are gone. The City Hospital is filled with water. The citizens are terribly frightened, and pronounce the storm the heaviest since 1867. Thirty workmen on the breastworks in course of construction by the government have been cut off by the flood, and are probably lost. The Santa Fé Railroad bridge across the bay was swept away, and the Houston Railroad bridge is under water. One end of the bridge, for a distance of twenty feet, is gone. The water at Virginia Point is backed up for three miles over the main-land, and is still rising.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Herzegovinian insurrection still continues. It is reported that the Turks have persecuted the Christians at Orachova, in Northern Bosnia, killing six of them. The Servian government is very active in its efforts to maintain peace, and a majority of the Deputies are in favor of leaving the question to the wisdom of Prince Milan.

The Pope has issued another circular to the Spanish government, which is summarized as follows by the correspondent of the London *Times*: "The Nuncio claims the fulfillment of the Concordat, which forbids the exercise of any non-Catholic creed. He also claims the transfer of the superintendence over education to the clergy, and the co-operation of the secular power in suppressing heretical teaching and literature. He says one of the causes of civil war is the way in which religious unity has been misunderstood by previous governments. For these reasons, in view of these sad consequences, the Holy See believes itself strictly obliged to present these observations to the government."

A great fire occurred at Paderborn, in Prussia, on the 13th ult. One hundred buildings were burned, and three hundred families were made homeless.

The south of France has again been visited by a disastrous flood. The number of deaths at St. Chinian foot up eighty-eight. One hundred and twenty houses were destroyed. The total amount of subscriptions for the relief of sufferers by the former inundation amounted to nearly $5,000,000.

The Spanish ministry has again been changed. A majority of the cabinet having decided that elections for the Cortes should be held by universal suffrage, the other members became dissatisfied, and the entire body resigned. A new cabinet was then formed, as follows: General Jovellar, President of the Council and Minister of War; Alcala Galiano, Minister of Foreign Affairs; Calderon Collantes, Minister of Justice; Durau y Lira, Minister of Marine; Salaverria, Minister of Finance; Romero Robledo, Minister of the Interior; Martin Herrera, Minister of Public Works; Ayala, Minister of Colonies.

CAPTAIN WEBB'S GREAT SWIM.

The hero whose portrait accompanies this sketch has fairly earned the title of champion swimmer of the world, having accomplished the marvelous feat of swimming from England to France without touching any support from the time he dived off the Admiralty Pier at Dover until he landed himself on the sands at Calais. This unparalleled effort occupied just twenty-one hours and three-quarters.

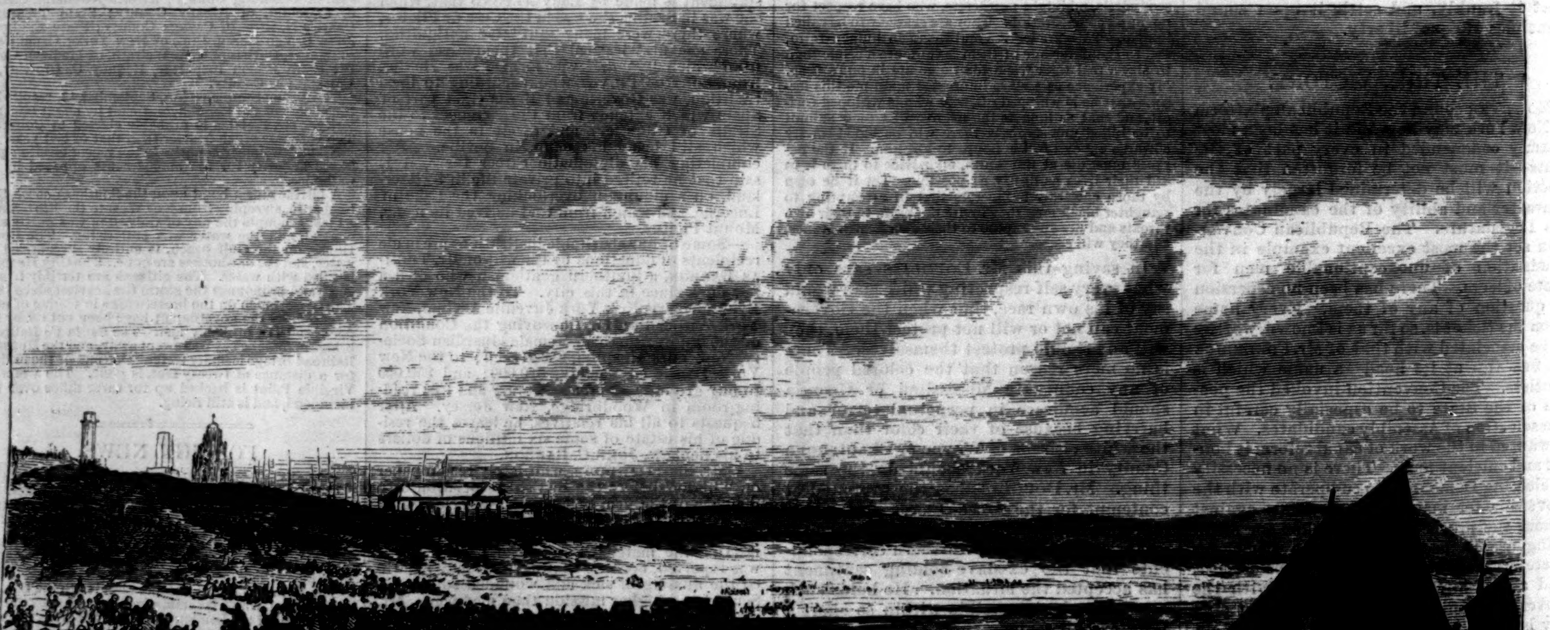
CAPTAIN MATTHEW WEBB, THE CHAMPION SWIMMER.

Captain Webb has an interesting history. He was born at Dawley, in Shropshire, England, in 1848, and is therefore only twenty-seven years of age. His father is a surgeon, and has had a family of twelve children, of whom Matthew is the eldest but one. After spending some time at school, young Matthew entered the training ship *Conway*, lying in the Mersey. He had learned to swim when seven years old, and his first life-saving feat was achieved while he was on board the *Conway*, when he and the companions who formed the crew of his boat received each a silver pencil-case for rescuing a comrade who had fallen overboard. He was subsequently apprenticed on board an India and China merchantman, and when his indentures were expired he served first as second officer and afterward as chief officer on board various ships in the Calcutta trade, and while taking a vessel through the Suez Canal he dived and cleared away a hawser that had fouled her. In April, 1873, having shipped before the mast in the Cunard steamer *Russia*, he jumped overboard in a gale of wind to save the life of a man who had fallen into the sea from the yard-arm. The *Russia* was going fifteen knots an hour at the time, and though the life-boat was immediately lowered, it was thirty-five minutes before he was with difficulty picked up, having failed in his noble endeavor to save the life of his shipmate, who had probably been stunned and sank at once. For this deed of gallantry he received the medal of the Liverpool Humane Society, as well as the silver medal and the gold Stanhope medal of the Royal Humane Society, which latter were presented to him by the Duke of Edinburgh, and a present of £100, subscribed by the passengers of the *Russia*. Since then he has made several voyages as chief officer of the *Ballina* and as captain of the *Emerald*, and in June last, hearing of Captain Boyton's feat, the idea occurred to him to outdo it by swimming from England to France without any artificial aids. He made one or two experimental excursions, swimming from Blackwall to Gravesend, from Dover to the Varne Light, and from Dover to Ramsgate. A few days before his successful attempt he started for Calais, but was compelled to turn back on account of the weather.

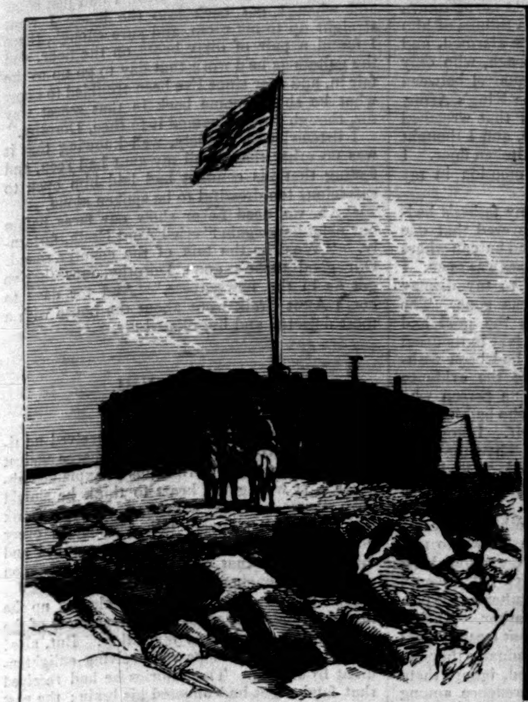
According to Mr. G. Toms, who piloted him across, Captain Webb must have swum between fifty and sixty miles; in fact, he was as near the land at 3 A.M. as he was five hours afterward, but the tide carried him past Cape Gris-nez, and into a bay. He had to swim through four tides, getting two whole ones and a portion of each of the others. He describes the last three hours of his swim as cruel work. He was excessively drowsy, and the water got into his eyes till he was almost blinded. However, to use his own words, he went into the water resolved either to reach the other side or sink. At one time he was stung by a jelly-fish, and felt very faint for some minutes, but the effect soon wore off. The only refreshment he took was an occasional sup of brandy or coffee; once, cod-liver oil was administered, but it did not agree with him. On landing he went straight off to bed, slept three hours, then ate some fish, and went to sleep again. Next day he was "all right," and returned to England in the *Castalia*, dined with the garrison and the yacht club at Dover, and when he walked out could scarcely move for the crowds of people who wanted to shake hands with him. On Saturday he went home to see his father, and was *fêted* in his native county, and on Tuesday came back to London, and was enthusiastically cheered wherever he was recognized. Subscriptions have been started in London, Liverpool, and other places, and a national testimonial is proposed, to which the working-men are to be invited to contribute. The only inconvenience which Captain Webb appears to have suffered in consequence of his exploit is a stiffness and soreness of the neck, caused by his long exposure to sea-water. He is five feet eight inches in height, and measures forty-three inches round his capacious chest. Our engraving of the arrival at Calais is from a sketch by a resident there, taken from the end of the West Pier. To the extreme left is the old and disused light-house, next is the picturesque belfry of the Town-hall, and a little beyond the Établissement des Bains. On the right is Cape Blancnez, and about midway between it and the établissement is the village of Sandgatte, concealed by sand hills, where the Channel Tunnel will come out on the French shore.

GYPSY SUPERSTITION.

The reader who is familiar with the religious observances of India is probably aware of the extraordinary regard in which the cup is held by many sects. In Germany, as Mr. Liebich declares, drinking cups are kept by the gypsies with superstitious regard, the utmost care being taken that they never fall to the ground. "Should this happen, the cup is never used again. By touching the ground it becomes sacred, and should no more be used. When a gypsy cares for nothing else, he keeps his drinking cup under every circumstance." In England there are many persons who could not be induced to drink from a white cup or bowl, the reason alleged being the very frivolous and insufficient one that it reminded them of a blood basin. It is almost needless to say that this could never have been the origin of the antipathy. No such consideration deters English peasants from using white crockery drinking vessels. In Germany, among the gypsies, if a woman has trodden on any object, or if the skirt of her dress has swept over or touched it, it is either destroyed, or, if of value, is disposed of, or never used again. The same foolish custom still prevails among the old gypsy families in England and elsewhere throughout the world; if the object be a crockery plate or cup, it is at once broken. For this reason, even more than for convenience, real gypsies are accustomed to hang every cooking utensil, and all that appertains to the table, high up in their wagons. It is almost needless to point out how closely these ideas agree with those of many Hindoos.

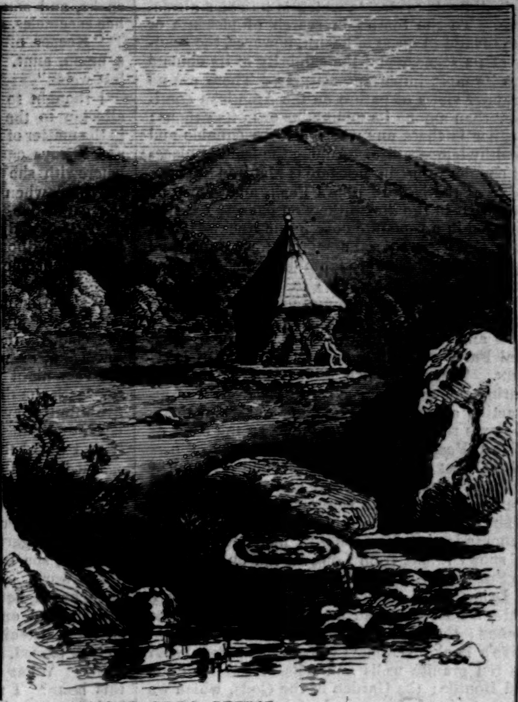


CAPTAIN WEBB'S GREAT SWIM—THE ARRIVAL AT CALAIS.



U.S. SIGNAL STATION SUMMIT PIKES PEAK.

THE CAVE OF THE WINDS - WILLIAMS CANON.



NAVAJO SODA SPRING.

MANITOU AND PIKES PEAK.

SCENES IN COLORADO—MANITOU SPRINGS AND VICINITY.—FROM SKETCHES BY JOHN A. RANDOLPH.—[SEE PAGE 798.]

MANITOU SPRINGS, COLORADO.

Colorado is famous for so many things that it is difficult to decide which is its chief attraction. To the tourist in search of pleasure or the invalid in quest of health, however, the beauty of its scenery and the salubrity of its climate are its most important features. There are no grander views of nature on the American continent than among its mountains or in its cañons; neither is there any where a more equable and healthy temperature. Among the leading places of popular resort in the State is Manitou Springs, lying at the base of Pike's Peak, and shown by our artist in the illustrations on page 797. It is situated in a romantic cove in the Rocky Mountains, looking eastward upon the great plains, and opening westward through a deep narrow cañon or gorge, known as the Ute Pass, into South Park, and the great mining regions of the Upper Arkansas River and San Juan. Here are the soda and iron springs highly spoken of by General Fremont, and more recently by Dr. Hayden. There are five large hotels, presenting during the season an exceedingly lively and attractive appearance. Looking out from these, the eyes rest upon eternal snows on the crest of Pike's Peak, which rises to a height of over 14,000 feet above the sea-level, and distant 18¾ miles by a new trail of easy and gradual ascent. Parties going to the summit usually stop overnight at a comfortable hotel on the way. The panoramic view from the peak includes 250 miles of snowy range, from Long's Peak on the north to Spanish Peaks on the south.

Lying in a semicircle around Manitou are quite a number of attractive points: Cheyenne Cañon; the cañon of Bear Creek, leading up to Pike's Peak; Williams Cañon; Ute Pass, with its red granite walls and falls of the Fontaine qui Bouille; the Garden of the Gods, which we have previously illustrated; Glen Eyrie; Monument Park, with its fantastic rocks; and many other places of scarcely less interest. The panoramic view takes in the prosperous and growing town of Colorado Springs, some five miles east of Manitou, on the Denver and Rio Grande Railway, and the village of Colorado City, between the two. The latter was founded by a party of adventurers who crossed the plains in search of fortunes during the Pike's Peak gold excitement.

This locality has acquired a merited reputation as a health resort for many classes of invalids, particularly those troubled with asthma and other throat and lung difficulties, dyspepsia, liver complaint, and general debility, who take up their residence here in order to escape the cold and moist climate of the Northern States. The winter climate is mild, the mean temperature for December, January, and February in the past four years at noon being forty-nine degrees, and at nine o'clock at night thirty-one and a half degrees. From the 1st of September until about the middle of May rain seldom falls, and the snows are light and usually remain but a few hours on the ground. The air is exceedingly dry and exhilarating. The almost constant sunshine is one of Colorado's greatest charms and most valuable characteristics.

SEA-BANK FARM.

By HENRY JACKSON,

Author of "Gilbert Rugge," "Argus Fairbairn," "A First Friendship," etc.

CHAPTER VI.

SUSPENSE.

Now from the moment when Brail disappeared through the garden gate the restlessness of mind that had been upon me all the afternoon increased tenfold. As the evening wore on there was a definite cause of anxiety in his prolonged absence. It communicated itself ere long to other persons in the house besides myself.

"I can't make out what's keepin' the young measter so long," remarked old Luttrell, the shepherd, as, seated by the fire in the kitchen, he smoked his pipe, with an eye on the house clock which ticked away soberly in the corner. "He ought to ha' been back from Clambeach long afore this."

Without informing Luttrell that my brother had returned from the fair some four hours ago, I intimated my anxiety at his present absence. As Brail had both entered and quitted the house by the front-door, I believed that no one but myself was aware of his sudden appearance or the state in which he had returned home.

"I hope nothink's gone wrong wi' the sheep," continued Luttrell. "I don't think much o' trustin' young men at fair-times. Folks gets a-talkin' an' gossipin' to you, and there's a glass here wi' one friend and a glass there wi' another, and standin' about at road-side publics till your sheep gets half a mile ahead on the road, and strays the Lord knows where. *I* know what fair-times is as well as any body. I wish I'd as many pounds in my pockets, miss, as I've taken sheep up to our sheep-fair. I'm afraid, however, as something's gone wrong *this* time."

It was the same in the parlor. Aunt Craik was full of gloomy prognostications, and knitted away furiously, as she did whenever she was disturbed in mind.

"People never will listen to advice. You heard me warn your father not to be late, Dorothy, didn't you? Brail's but a lad, and I could excuse him being late at fair-time once in a way; but your father at his time o' life ought to know better. If he's got a penny in his pocket to-night, I'll warrant he's got a hundred and forty pound. And to think of him being out in them lonesome roads between here and Clambeach town wi' all that money about him. It's tempting Providence, that's what it is. Lor', Dorothy, there's the dog howling again! Surely to goodness, nothing's going to happen!"

Aunt Craik laid down her knitting as she spoke, and stared at me with the full force of her spectacles.

"Keeper often howls on nights when there's a moon, aunt. I think there *was* a new moon last week."

I thought to divert Aunt Craik by this adroit allusion to the moon, for she was very learned in the matter of its quarters, changes, and eclipses, and always carried an almanac in her pocket, wherewith she made abstruse calculations as to the time when the hens would "come off," or the cow calve, or the currant wine be ready to be bottled. But to-night the device took no effect, and without even volunteering any prophetic announcements as to the weather, she continued:

"Moon or no moon, Dorothy, I don't like to hear a dog howl like that. Folks may say it's the cold, or the moonshine, or their collars as hurts 'em, or what not; but all I know is that the very night your poor dear mother was took for death the dog in the back-yard howled forty-five minutes by the watch as hung over her bed-head, and I heard it down the chimney as plainly as I heard that dog just now."

But before the evening was over Aunt Craik's anxiety had assumed another phase, a more disquieting one to me. When the clock struck ten, and neither her brother nor her nephew had appeared, her garrulity ceased. Laying down her knitting, she sat with folded hands, and spoke not a word. I would rather a hundred times have heard her continue her tales of highway robbery and omens and warnings than see her sit there listening with that fixed face. Eleven o'clock passed, and they came not. Where was Brail? What could have delayed my father till this hour? I never knew him so late when he had money to bring home with him. The sum he had received to-day was considerable. Aunt's words pointed to terrible possibilities. Suppose he had been waylaid and— No, I could not follow out the idea; but the terror it had evoked remained with me, and made me tremble from head to foot.

The clock in the corner was pointing to twelve, when I thought I heard a distant cry, far-off and faint, and suddenly ceasing. I rose, and approaching the window, drew back the curtains. The garden was so light under the moon that I could see the leaves of the blossoms on the apple-tree fluttering down like snow-flakes in the night wind. The cry was not repeated, but I could hear the sound of wheels. Aunt Craik heard it also, and said as much. A vehicle was rapidly approaching the house, so rapidly that the driver, whoever he was, was endangering his neck by his speed. We could plainly hear the horse's hoofs ringing on the earth. I ran out into the garden, and there in the moonlight beheld a gig approaching the house at a furious rate, the horse's hoofs striking sparks from the flints. As it drew near I recognized my father's gig and old gray horse; but, to my horror, I saw that the gig was empty.

CHAPTER VII.

A TERRIBLE DISCOVERY.

The first thought that occurred to me on beholding the gig return home as I have described was that my father had left Clambeach in a state of intoxication, and met with some accident on the road. Once before he had fallen asleep in his gig coming home from market, and had been thrown out, without further injury than a few bruises. But to-night the state in which his horse had arrived, and that distant cry I had heard, created far more serious apprehensions. In a few minutes I was out on the road accompanied by Luttrell and one of the farm laborers. We had not proceeded far down the lane when I beheld a dark heap lying on the road before us in the moonlight.

Stretched on the road in the midst of several things that had fallen from his gig (among others my new shawl, dyed with a crimson stain) lay my father, bleeding and insensible. I bent over him in the moonlight, and beheld a great gash on his forehead, from which the blood was flowing. I thought he was dead, and gave a cry that startled the night and sent an owl hooting from out the copse by the road-side.

But he was not dead. When we had conveyed him home and laid him on his bed, I placed my hand upon his heart; it was still beating. I knew, though, that unless we had aid quickly it would soon cease to beat. A messenger was instantly dispatched to Clambeach for a doctor, and through three long hours of terrible suspense Aunt Craik and I awaited his return, expecting every moment to see my father breathe his last.

"Dorothy," said Aunt Craik, as she sat crying by his bedside, "there's been foul play here. Thy father has been robbed. I've turned out his pockets, and the money's all gone—every shilling of it. This is the work o' somebody who knew thy father had taken money this day."

The doctor's words confirmed my aunt's opinion. The wounds upon my father's head, he said, were not of a character such as would proceed from a fall from his gig, or from an ordinary accident. They had evidently been inflicted with some blunt weapon, such as a hedge-stake or bludgeon, and the most serious one of all had probably been dealt from behind. There was every evidence, as far as medical testimony went, to show that a savage attack had been made upon my father's life, and grave reasons for doubting whether he would ever recover.

But terrible as were those first hours of suspense, during which my father lay upon his bed, hovering between life and death, there was a deeper, a more unendurable misery reserved for the hours to come. Morning dawned, and Brail had not returned. The anxiety which his absence had first created was now deepening into a miserable conviction that he would never return again. The day wore on, and no tidings of him were received. Aunt Craik grew alarmed, and sent a messenger over to Clambeach, who only brought back the story of the quarrel between him and my father in front of the King's Arms. As she heard the sad details of that wretched scene my aunt turned very white, and I thought she would have dropped on the kitchen floor. I had never seen her show such emotion in my life.

All that day I never quitted my father's bedside, but toward evening I discovered that one of the drawers in the old-fashioned bureau where I kept my books and other treasures was open. I hastily examined it, and found to my dismay that the money I kept there was gone. The sheet of writing-paper in which the gold had been wrapped was folded up and laid in its usual place, but the ten bright pieces had been withdrawn. I could scarcely believe the evidence of my sight. There was only one person who could have taken it—the person who had had my keys since I was last there myself. I stood for a moment utterly confounded. Then the tears welled up into my eyes, and I cried, "Oh, Brail, to take it like this! How gladly would I have given you every penny I have!"

I do not remember how the other miserable discoveries that followed became known to me. That time grows dark again as I try to look back into it. Within the next few days I discovered that suspicion rested upon my brother as the perpetrator of the attack upon my father. At first I paid no heed to these rumors, but treated them as monstrous inventions; but gradually they acquired a terrible consistency, and, ignore them as I might, they were gaining credence among our neighbors, and assuming the form of substantial accusations, not unsupported by formidable evidence.

There was the quarrel between my father and brother, witnessed by a score of persons, in the streets of Clambeach. There was the well-known ill feeling that existed between Mr. Gedge and his son. This was enough to prove the animus. For collateral evidence, there was the suspicious absence of my brother, and, worst of all, the discovery of a silk handkerchief stained with blood and marked with his initials, which had been found flung in a ditch near the spot where my father was discovered. I shall never forget the look upon Aunt Craik's face when the handkerchief was presented to her by the constable from Clambeach, who asked if she recognized it as her nephew's.

"I sha'n't answer no such questions to you, nor none else," she replied, sharply. "May be I do, may be I don't. If folks would mind their own business and leave other people's alone, it would look better of 'em, I think. I've got no time to waste, wi' the week's baking on hand and my poor brother lying yonder helpless as a babe, and so I'll wish you good-morning;" and Aunt Craik turned her back on the official, and plunged her hands afresh into the dough she was kneading for the oven. For the rest of that day she scarcely opened her lips, and she looked worn out and ill long ere night arrived.

But a farther trial awaited Aunt Craik yet. I was sitting by my father's bedside at evening, when she entered the room with an agitated face, and beckoned me to follow her down stairs.

"Look, Dorothy, look!" she gasped, handing me a local newspaper as soon as we reached the parlor; "I can't make it out. What is it? Read it, child, read it!"

With trembling fingers she pointed to a paragraph which ran as follows:

"The Highway Robbery in Clambeach Marsh.—From circumstances that have recently transpired, some light has been thrown on this shocking occurrence, which has created such a painful sensation throughout our Marsh District. There now appears too much reason to fear that the perpetrator of the diabolical crime was no other than the son of the unfortunate man whose life was so nearly sacrificed by the ruffianly attack committed on the night of the sheep-fair. It is well known that the father and son were not upon good terms, and that a violent quarrel had taken place between them that very day in a public street. There are persons (present on that occasion) who state that the son was heard to utter very violent sentiments against his father. It is supposed the young man has absconded with a large sum of money which his father had received that day. As the money consisted partly of bank-notes, it is hoped that they may lead to the detection of the miscreant who stands suspected of the double crime of robbery and attempted parricide."

I read these terrible words to the end, and then gazed at Aunt Craik in speechless misery.

"Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord!" cried the poor old lady, wringing her hands, "I've always feared the lad would come to harm. Oh, Dorothy, what is to be done? We're ruined and disgraced. I'll never hold up my head any more."

The tears ran down Aunt Craik's cheeks as she rocked herself to and fro.

"Aunt, you do not, you can not, think Brail guilty!" I cried. "This is a wicked invention. Brail never hurt a hair of my father's head. You can't believe this cruel story."

"Nay, lass, I don't know what I'm to believe. I never told thee, Dorothy, of something as happened the day as thy poor father was waylaid and nigh murdered. I was laying out my linen to dry on the orchard hedge that very afternoon, when I see some one come out o' our front garden gate and run along the hedge-side toward the road. If I hadn't ha' believed that Brail was up at the fair, I should have said for sartin it was him; but, thinks I, it's young Dicki'son come to bring back the pipkin I lent his mother last week, and I shouldn't ha' troubled myself more about it if I'd seen no more. But just as the young man comes up to the little holt by the road-side, he jumps over the hedge and cuts a great stick off one of the young ash-trees, and then he goes farther into the holt, and never comes out again on this side, though I watched some time to see him again. I couldn't get it out o' my head that it was Brail I had just seen, and when I got back into the house I went straight up to his room, and sure enough, there I found a pair of dirty boots on the floor, and the gaiters as he'd worn that day to go up to the fair in, and ever since I've been troubled to know what he should come back in that secret way for, though I never named it to thee, Dorothy."

I listened with anxiety, well knowing that it was no other than Brail my aunt had seen, and feeling that his conduct had laid him open to suspicions too dreadful to be spoken aloud.

"Ah, we need never show our faces before our neighbors again!" cried Aunt Craik, forlornly. "We'll be the talk of the country round. Our good name's gone, Dorothy, now they've got us in the newspapers." And for days to come Aunt Craik went about the house with a most dejected and humiliated air.

CHAPTER VIII.

UNDER A CLOUD.

Weeks passed away, and we received no tidings of my brother. The terrible charge against him gained credibility from his unexplained absence. It wrung my heart to think he should keep silence—at least with me. As Aunt Craik had predicted, we were talked about in every household round, and rumor so magnified and distorted facts that Sea-Bank Farm was soon notorious throughout the Fen country.

One person alone could have cleared up the mystery, and pointed out the perpetrator of the crime: that person was my father. But, alas! there was now no hope of receiving enlightenment from him. The injuries he had received that fatal night had affected his brain; the past was a blank to him. He had emerged from a sick-bed with the intellect of a child, but with the face and figure of an old man.

And now from this time a deep and heavy gloom overcast my life for many months to come. To lead out my father into the garden in summer, and there under the apple-tree see him gain a senile satisfaction from the warmth of the sun's beams; to sit by his side in winter, and behold him watching the steam from the kettle or the smoke from his pipe with childish interest; to soothe his irritable fancies, and dispel the strange illusions that haunted him at times—these were henceforth the occupations of my life. He was generally docile with me, but he rarely knew the hand that ministered to his wants. It was a thorough wintry deadness; a complete torpor of mind and body.

Upon Aunt Craik had devolved the management of business. Aided by Luke Luttrell, the old shepherd, who had lived in the family forty years, she resolved to carry on the farm, in order "to keep house and home together," as she said.

"What would become on us all if we were turned out of the old place, Dorothy? There ain't much laid by in the bank. Brother Joshua wasn't a saving man." She always spoke of my father now in the past tense, as though he were already in his grave. "He was always too easy by half. Go, day; come, day; he never troubled himself as long as there was a dinner in the pot, as often I've told him, poor dear!"

Aunt Craik made the above remark as we sat by the fireside one autumn evening. Michaelmas-day was approaching, and we were discussing ways and means with regard to the rent.

"Poor Craik allus said I was as good as a man at farming any day," continued my aunt, in pursuance of the subject. "I'm sure your poor father would often ha' done well to take my advice in his business. I knew them young beasts he bought last spring would never do no good; poor starved things they was, not worth the oil-cake and good feed as was given 'em. Craik seldom bought stock wi'out taking my opinion, for he always told folks I was as good a judge as he was."

As Uncle Craik had failed in business, and got all his affairs into a state of inextricable muddle before he died, I did not see that this was very encouraging. But of course I did not make the observation.

"Now, Dorothy, I think that the best thing that can be done will be for you to write to our landlord, and tell him how things stand. Considerin' as the land has been in the family for threescore years or more, and seein' as how your poor father has been struck down by the visitation of the Lord, so to speak, I think he won't mind waitin' a little for his rent. Write him a proper letter, my dear. You have a nice way wi' your pen, and would do more by it in ten minutes than I should by parleyin' all day."

This difficulty got over, my aunt plucked up her spirits, and began to inform me of the ways in which she intended to make money by the farm. But though her active mind found plenty of occupation just now, there were moments when she keenly felt the disgrace that attached to our position. Aunt Craik had got it into her head that her neighbors shunned her at market and elsewhere, and to one who prided herself on the family respectability and the consideration she met with from her neighbors, this was a hard trial.

"*I see* Mrs. Dicki'son turn away her head last Sunday mornin' as I come out o' chapel," said Aunt Craik, bitterly, one night as we sat at supper. "I could excuse some people, because it's their ignorance; but Susan Dicki'son's had schoolin', and was invited to my weddin', and had a green silk spencer given her by my poor mother, and she's always ready enough to borrow my brass pan for boilin' up her fruit in preservin' time, or send for barm when she runs short on bakin' day; and I've always been a good neighbor to her and never refused her, however it might put me about. She's the last as ought to

turn against me, and I feel it, Dorothy, I do;" and Aunt Craik's voice shook, and the tears came into her eyes as she related this proof of the world's altered demeanor toward us.

Perhaps I could have borne this change philosophically myself, but it pained me to see how it affected my aunt. She seldom went to chapel, alleging the roads got worse every winter; and she made short work of her visits to market, and never staid to chat with old friends or learn the news. She was sure we were in bad odor, and "Sarah Craik was not the woman," as she said, "to seek from others what was her lawful due." Of Brail she never spoke. The last time I had mentioned his name she had burst out crying, and said, "Lord ha' mercy on his soul, Dorry!" as solemnly as if she had been his judge delivering sentence, and she begged me never to name him more. I never did; but, oh, the pain and grief to keep all my sad thoughts to myself! What wretched hours I spent trying to account for his silence! Whether he was living or dead I knew not. It was cruel to cut himself off from us thus; to sever the close ties that had existed between us since our birth, and without a word of explanation. Many a night did I cry myself to sleep, thinking of my lost twin brother; and there were moments when I was even tempted to believe in the possibility of his being ashamed to make his existence known even to me.

Thus stood matters when a second year had rolled by, and then an event occurred which removed at least some portion of the miserable anxiety that imbittered my life.

One summer's afternoon I sat with my father under the apple-tree, sewing while he slept, when I heard footsteps approaching, and looking up from my work, saw a stranger standing in the garden path, with an air of uncertainty as to whether he should advance or not. I rose and approached him. He was a tall, well-made man with a dark, sunburned complexion. It needed not the brass anchor on his cap and his short pea-jacket to tell me his calling. There was "sailor" plainly written in his figure and face. He made a rather awkward bow, and said, in a deep but pleasant voice, "I think I'm not wrong; I am speaking to Miss—Miss Dorothy Gedge, I believe?"

I assented, and he continued:

"I thought I was not mistaken. May I ask to speak to you for a few minutes, if you please?"

"Oh, you have come from my brother!" I exclaimed, rushing at once to this conclusion; and then checking myself, I added: "I beg your pardon, but—but I have an absent brother, and —and—" I was ashamed at my precipitate speech, and stood in confusion.

"You are right, Miss Gedge," said the stranger, coming to my help. "You have guessed my business; but what I've got to say had better be said to you alone, I think. Can we step in-doors for a few minutes?" The stranger looked at my father, who was quietly dozing.

I bade him follow me, and I led the way into the house.

"My business is soon told," began the seaman, as soon as the parlor door was closed. "My name is Mark Fleetwood; I am first mate of an Australian emigrant ship, and I spend most of my time in knocking about from one side of the globe to the other. You named your brother, Miss Gedge: it is at his request I am here to-day. He's alive and well, and sends you this."

I reached out a trembling hand to take the scrap of paper presented to me. It was dated Sydney several months back, and contained these words:

"I don't know if you still care to hear whether I am alive or dead, Dorothy; but I send this by a friend who has promised to let me know whether *you* still live. It will be something to see any one out here who can say a word to me about the place that should have been my home, and those who should have been my friends.
"B. G."

And that was all. Not another word to satisfy all the anxieties of months—all the longing solicitude and affection the well-known handwriting evoked. I crumpled up the paper in my hand, and, regardless of a stranger's presence, bent down my head and cried. The disappointment was too much for me.

"Nay, miss, don't give way. I didn't think that bit of paper that I've carried half round the world on purpose to put into your hands was going to set a woman's tears flowing, or may be I wouldn't have been so ready to bring it. If it contains bad news, I can only say I'm sorry I was made its bearer."

There was something so kind and sympathetic in the stranger's voice that I raised my head, and looking up at him through my tears, said, "I am very grateful to you for taking the trouble to bring me this. I am afraid it has caused you to come far out of your way. It does not contain bad news exactly; but—but—" I stopped, for I knew not how much, or whether any part, of my brother's history was known to the person I addressed, and I felt afraid to proceed.

"My brother calls you his friend," I added, gaining confidence from the honest expression of the eyes that were gazing at me. "Will you tell me what he is doing, and why all this time he—" Again I stopped, for the same reason as before.

"I don't know much about my being his friend, but I do know that he's been *mine*," answered the seaman, promptly. "If it had not been for your brother, Miss Gedge, I should have been lying at the bottom of Sydney Harbor at this present time, I guess. He worked his passage over from Liverpool in our ship some three years back, as you're most likely aware, and when, one dark night, I fell overboard in the harbor out yonder, he jumped in after me and saved my life. He is a fine fellow is your brother, and as long as Mark Fleetwood lives he'll remember what he owes to him. You ask me when I last saw him, and what he's doing. Well, it's pretty nearly eight months since last I saw him, and he was shepherd to a large sheep-farmer then, with rattling good wages too. He won't be servant long out there. Such men soon get to be masters, and I expect to see him fixed next time we go out."

"Is he—is he happy?" I asked.

"Well, it isn't always easy to say when a man's happy and when he isn't. I should say that your brother would be happy if—" he paused, and then added, "But I'm a stranger, Miss Gedge, and have no right to say it perhaps."

"Pray say what you were going to say. If what?" I inquired, with more agitation than I cared to show.

"Well, as you press it, if he hadn't got something or other preying on his mind. The fact is I don't think your brother *is* very happy. I never met a young man of his age with such a grave face or sober manners. However, that's neither here nor there. I dare say that you who know your brother understand him better than a stranger would do."

"Yes, yes," I murmured, and then was silent.

"As I've discharged my task, I'll wish you good-day, Miss Gedge. I have a long way to go before night, being on my road to Boston; and if I stay chatting here I shall not see the old home to-night."

With these words the stranger held out his hand, and looked at me with a pair of honest blue eyes that seemed to say, "There is some mystery here which I don't understand, but which I respect, and won't pry into;" and as I placed my hand in his, I thanked him warmly in my heart, though the words I uttered were feeble and few. The next minute he had left the house, and was hastening down the road to the conveyance that was waiting for him in the lane. I stood and watched him disappear out of sight, repeating his words with a dull pain at my heart.

"What was it he had said—'Something or other preying on his mind?'"

Oh, Brail, was it possible that the best thing I could wish for you was that you might never more return from that far-off land?—the best thing for both of us that we might never meet again?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

OCTOBER.

Sunday,	3.—Nineteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	10.—Twentieth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	17.—Twenty-first Sunday after Trinity.
Monday,	18.—St. Luke, the Evangelist.
Sunday,	24.—Twenty-second Sunday after Trinity.
Thursday,	28.—SS. Simon and Jude.
Sunday,	31.—Twenty-third Sunday after Trinity.

NOVEMBER.

Monday,	1.—All-Saints.
Sunday,	7.—Twenty-fourth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	14.—Twenty-fifth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	21.—Twenty-sixth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	28.—First Sunday in Advent.
Tuesday,	30.—St. Andrew.

MESSRS. MOODY and SANKEY are receiving invitations from all parts of the country, and assurances of welcome wherever they may decide to go. The curiosity to see and hear them is unprecedented. They have held at Northfield a consultation with their most trusted friends in relation to their future labors. Messrs. GEORGE H. STUART, L. P. ROWLAND, of Philadelphia, WILLIAM E. DODGE, Jun., and R. B. M'BURNEY, of New York, J. V. FARWELL, of Chicago, and others were present at this council. Nothing, however, was definitely decided, the gentlemen present preferring to return home and consult with the churches in the cities represented by them. Meanwhile Mr. MOODY has been holding meetings at Northfield, which have been attended by the people of all the country round. He has been assisted by his companion for the past two years, Mr. SANKEY, and also by Messrs. WHITTLE and BLISS. Mr. SANKEY'S singing delights all who hear him. His distinct enunciation, the play of his features in response to every changing emotion, and his evident earnestness secure for him the rapt attention of all who hear. In pathetic strains he is very effective. In a little speech made at Northfield he stated that he found the piece known as the "Ninety and Nine" in the columns of a Scotch newspaper. Messrs. WHITTLE and BLISS, who have also visited Northfield, are about to make a preaching tour through the West.

The Wesleyans in England have lost by death the Rev. CHARLES PREST, the director of their Home Missions. He had been in the active ministry forty-six years, nineteen of which were spent in the missionary secretaryship.

The Rev. W. H. H. MURRAY, who has won a surname by writing a very pleasant book on the Adirondack region, opens in October his new preaching-place in Boston. He will be strictly independent, and will occupy a theological platform "broad enough to admit liberal men of all creeds."

The Anglican Bishop of Nova Scotia and the rector of St. Paul's Church, Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, have fallen out with each other on a question of ceremonial. The bishop insists on carrying "his pastoral staff" when he enters the church to hold a confirmation service; the rector objects. In consequence of this disagreement no confirmation will be held in St. Paul's this year.

A strong movement has been developed in New England for the protection of the Sabbath from desecration. The thronging of pleasure-goers on that day to Martha's Vineyard, and the running of Sunday trains to the Twin Mountain House for the purpose of enabling the people to hear Mr. BEECHER, have awakened debate. The Baptist preachers of Boston have appointed a day for the discussion of the Sabbath question, and the New England religious press is handling it with great vigor. *Zion's Herald* (Methodist) admits that in respect to Sabbath observance New England has undergone a change. "In some way," it says, "this sanctity of the New England Sabbath has been broken, and no civil or ecclesiastical barrier can now hedge it round so as to preserve its former absolute quiet."

The fall term of the Union Theological Seminary of this city opened on Wednesday, the 15th of September, with an accession of forty-three new students. The fall term of Drew Seminary, Madison, New Jersey, opened September 23. More students have applied for admission than can be accommodated in the seminary buildings.

The number of Baptist communicants in Nova Scotia, as reported at the recent Annual Convention, is 20,495; in New Brunswick, 11,375; in Prince Edward Island, 1072—making a total of 32,942.

The papal nuncio at Madrid has sent a circular to the Spanish bishops urging them to support the restoration of religious unity, by which he means the suppression of Protestant worship, for the reason, as he alleges, that any other policy will put in jeopardy the good understanding now existing between Spain and the Vatican.

The Protestant Episcopal Convention of Illinois on Wednesday, September 15, elected the Rev. Dr. W. E. M'LAREN their bishop. On the final vote the ballots were: Clergy—M'LAREN, 39; DE KOVEN, 14; scattering, 7. Laity—For M'LAREN, 55; against, 3. Dr. DE KOVEN had, however, before the election addressed a letter to the Convention, declining to be a candidate; Dr. SEYMOUR did the same. The Convention adopted a resolution expressing its undiminished confidence in Dr. DE KOVEN, and another protesting against any constitution or canon that puts it in the power of Standing Committees to decide upon the character and qualifications of a bishop elect.

Mr. GLADSTONE has made a collection of the epithets applied by the Pope to his enemies, especially the rulers of Italy. It is not exhaustive, but, as is frequently said of other collections, it contains some choice specimens. In time there may be need of an alphabetical arrangement and an index. The objects of the Pope's displeasure are "wolves, perfidious, Pharisees, Philistines, thieves, revolutionists, Jacobins, sectarians, liars, hypocrites, dropsical, impious, children of Satan, of perdition, of sin and corruption, enemies of God, satellites of Satan in human flesh, monsters of hell, demons incarnate, stinking corpses, men issued from the pits of hell (these are the conductors of the national press), traitors, JUDAS, led by the spirit of hell, and teachers of iniquity."

To the many instances on record of ministers reducing their own salaries rather than burden their congregations, a correspondent in Virginia adds another, which is worthy of honorable mention. "It has been my privilege," says our correspondent, "to sit under the ministry of one, for the past nine years, whose self-denial during that whole period has been persistent and remarkable. In taking charge of a church enfeebled and broken by the war, in our gloomiest season, he resigned a *certain* salary of $1800 for $1000, part of this depending on the aid of our State mission; afterward, under his faithful and able ministry, the church became self-sustaining, until the year before our great commercial panic, when the sum had been increased to $1200. Unwilling to oppress his people, who were very dear to him, he remitted $300 already due, and reduced his salary to $1000."

Collections are still making, with good success, for the building of a Christian college in Aintab, Central Turkey. The site has been given by TAHA EFFENDI, a wealthy Moslem. The people of Aintab have contributed $7000 in gold; $20,500 have been contributed in England, and $17,993 in the United States. It is proposed to endow three professorships, to be known as the Woolsey Professorship of Physical Science, the William Goodell Professorship of Ancient and Modern Languages, the Rufus Anderson Professorship of Intellectual and Moral Philosophy. For each of these $16,000 will be needed. Contributions may be sent to the Rev. T. C. TROWBRIDGE, Congregational House, Boston.

Another tombstone difficulty has arisen in England. A gentleman prepared a stone for the grave of his sister, but the rector pronounced it "hideous," and refused permission for its erection in his church-yard. He insists that every stone placed in the church-yard shall have a cross upon it. The case will, it is thought, be appealed to the Archbishop of Canterbury.

The vicar's rate at Halifax continues to make trouble. Quite lately some property which had been seized to pay it—a piece of cloth, a rocking-chair, and a looking-glass—was to be sold by auction. A placard was put up all over the town having on it, "Wanted, an auctioneer who has lost all self-respect, to sell the poor man's goods for the support of the rich man's church." The crowd hooted at the auctioneer, and drowned his voice with their yells. When the articles were knocked down, a rush was made for him and the distrainor, and but for the police both would have been seriously hurt.

All the signs indicate the admission of the laity of the Methodist Episcopal Church to the Annual Conferences as well as to the General Conference, of which laymen are now regularly constituted members. The Oregon, Cincinnati, and Detroit Electoral Lay Conferences, which have recently met, have adopted resolutions asking for this measure. There is also a strong determination toward the election of presiding elders by the Annual Conferences, when they shall be composed of ministerial and lay delegates.

One of the grievances of the incumbent of an English church living is the exorbitant tax which he must pay, in the shape of fees to sundry officials, before he can fairly enter into possession. Parliament at its late session undertook to deal with this evil, but faltered. Little more was done than to provide, out of an unused fund in the hands of Queen Anne's Bounty Commissioners, for the salary of the judge appointed under the new Public Worship Regulation Law. A new bill in relation to fees is promised for the next session, which will save the overtaxed clergy from thirty to forty per cent. of the charges at present paid by them.

It is rumored that a grand Catholic Congress will be held during this season. A town in Northern France is suggested as the place. Catholic Congresses have already been held at Poitiers and Rheims.

In connection with the increased interest in England in the temperance reformation, especially as manifested by the Church of England Society, the testimony of Colonel W. ROBERTS in relation to the effect of the reform in the East Indian army is important. He declares that total abstinence has reduced crime in the Indian army in a marked manner, and has, besides, improved the health of the soldiers.

The GUIBORD case has aroused all Canada, and receives a large share of attention from the press of the United States. The text of Bishop BOURGET'S letter to the Montreal *Gazette* contains this passage: "Measures had been taken that if the body they were attempting to bury in the cemetery had been so interred, in defiance of the laws of the Church, the place where it lay should be immediately interdicted, and looked upon henceforth as a cursed spot, to be held in execration." The remains of the wife of GUIBORD, who died in the communion of the Church, already repose in this lot. Will the bishop interdict her resting-place too? or will he limit his malediction to one half, quarter, or eighth of the GUIBORD inclosure? The papers of the Dominion are very determined in their condemnation of the bishop's proceedings. The *British American Presbyterian* says: "Though it should take the whole military force of the Dominion or the empire, and though it should involve the sacrifice of thousands of lives, the supremacy of law must be vindicated, and mob violence stamped out. And this will be done without the whole force of the Dominion being needed, and without the sacrifice of thousands or even hundreds of lives. A few of the rascaldom of Montreal may, however, have to be shot down, and if this is unhappily necessary, no doubt it will be done in due time. The issue is a very simple one, and we hope it will be settled in a manner so short, sharp, and decisive as will deter even the ignorant and fanatical *canaille* of Montreal from any desire to have it *unsettled* for a long time to come."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

GEORGE III., speaking to Archbishop Sutton respecting his large family, made the remark, "I believe your Grace has better than a dozen?" "No, sire," replied the archbishop, "only eleven." "Well," replied the king, "isn't that better than a dozen?"

This conversation was overheard in a barber's:
BARBER. "Thin out your hair a bit, Sir?"
CUSTOMER. "No, never mind. My wife attends to that. But just oil it well."

An English witness, on entering the box, had a Testament presented to him, but he declined to be sworn. Being asked his reasons for refusing, he naively replied, "I'll tell a lie wi' ony man i' England, but I'll not swear to it."

GOOD PLACE FOR MATCH-MAKING—Sulphur Springs.

A purchaser of a river-side property asked the estate agent if the river didn't sometimes overflow its banks. "Well," responded he, "it isn't one of those sickly streams that are always confined to their beds."

A whimsical comparison being made between a clock and a woman, Charles Fox observed that he thought the simile bad; "For," said he, "a clock serves to point out the hours, and a woman to make us forget them."

One Scotchman complained to another that he had got a ringing in his head. "Do ye ken the reason o' that?" asked the worthy crony. "No." "I'll tell ye—it's because it's empty." "And ha'e ye never a ringing in your head?" quoth the other. "No, never." "And do ye ken the reason?—because it's cracked."

A country youth, who desired to know how to become rich, sent a shilling in answer to an advertisement, and received the following valuable recipe: "Increase your receipts, and decrease your expenditures. Work eighteen hours a day, and live on hash and oatmeal gruel."

Why are ripe potatoes in the ground like thieves?—Because they ought to be taken up.

"How much did he leave?" said a lady, on learning the death of a wealthy citizen. "Every thing," responded the lawyer; "he didn't take a cent with him."

Two Irishmen were recently looking at people stretching a rope across the street from one house-top to another for the purpose of suspending a banner.
PAT. "Shure and what will they be afther a-doin' at the tops of thim houses there?"
MICK. "Faith an' it's a submarine telegraph they're afther puttin' up, I suppose."

THE END OF EVERY THING—The letter *g*.

A farmer once hired a Vermonter to assist in drawing logs. The Yankee, when there was a log to lift, generally contrived to secure the small end, for which the farmer rebuked him, and told him always to take the butt-end. Dinner came, and with it a sugar-loaf Indian pudding. Jonathan sliced off a generous portion of the largest part, giving the farmer a wink, and exclaimed, "Always take the butt-end!"

MATCHLESS MISERY—Having a cigar and nothing to light it with.

"What do you do for a living?" asked a farmer of a burly beggar who applied at his door for cold victuals and old clothes. "I don't do nothing much, but travel about," was the answer. "Are you good at traveling?" asked the farmer. "Yes," replied the beggar. "Then let's see you travel," said the farmer.

In Scotland they have narrow open ditches which they call sheep drains. A man was riding a donkey across a sheep pasture, but when the animal came to a sheep drain he would not go over it. So the man rode him back a short distance, turned him round and applied the whip, thinking, of course, that the donkey, when going at the top of his speed, would jump the drain before he knew it. But not so. When the donkey got to the drain he stopped all of a sudden, and the man went over Mr. Neddy's head. No sooner had he touched the ground than he got up, and looking the beast straight in the face, he said, "Verra weel pitched; but then hoo are ye gaun tae get ower yersel?"

"FIFTY YEARS AGO."

To the most of men there is no greater luxury in the world than a good clean shave; but there are few who enjoy the operation itself. Every thing connected with it is disagreeable, from the initiatory application of the lather, to the last scrape of the glittering razor as it passes over the victim's throat. Of course, under the manipulations of a skillful, cleanly barber, the evil is greatly lessened; but with a careless, clumsy fellow, who seldom washes his hands or hones his blades, the process is simply disgusting. For one to sit under one of these workmen, and have the soap rubbed indiscriminately into his mouth, nose, and ears, and even into the corners of his eyes, and then to be rasped with the edge of a dull razor till his face looks as if it had been scratched by the cats, is positively unendurable. One such shave is enough for a lifetime. To nervous, timid people the process is really dreadful. To have an "artist" playing about one's face with a razor, and at the same moment looking out of the window to see what is going on in the street, is enough to frighten a man of the strongest nerves. What if the razor should slip while the barber's head is turned? Nobody wants to lose the end of his nose or the tip of his ear, or have his jugular severed, simply for the amusement of the man who shaves him.

But, take it all in all, the barber's shop of today is a great improvement on the one of fifty years ago. Our superb double-page engraving shows the old-fashioned way. None of your finely upholstered chairs, adjustable at any angle to suit the comfort of the sitter, but a plain, hard-seated arm-chair, with a straight back, and no support for the head and shoulders. No bay-rum or scented powder, no pomade or cosmetic, from the hand of the barber. When the shaving was done each man washed his own face in clear water, dried it before the glass with the shop towel, paid his penny, and departed.

THE LADY IN NO. 7.

PART I.—A PRETTY WOMAN IN NEED OF OCCUPATION.

"I don't care whether this Miss Hester Dallas is handsome or not," said Mrs. Cope; but she was interested all the same.

She had fastened a scarlet bow in her glossy black hair, and been mindful of the becoming hue of her morning dress, but the gentlemen had all departed their several ways, and the result was unsatisfactory. The pretty woman had accepted John's parting kiss rather indifferently when he went down town; then she had dusted and re-arranged the ornaments of her rooms, consisting chiefly of her wedding presents in blue bottles and filigree boxes, and at nine o'clock she sat down, with a yawn of listless ennui. Mrs. Cope was the lady in No. 7, as the occupant of the third story front, Mrs. Tartar, the landlady, having numbered her doors, after the manner of hotel corridors—a fancy which did nobody any harm.

What next? She had not a single wholesome duty to perform. No wearisome drudgery of housekeeping for her, if you please; no delinquent servants, no cook-books for literature, no hearth-stone to keep sacred and cheerful for the husband toiling at his desk in a dingy office all day. These butterflies must spread their spangled wings in the desultory flight of their own fancy. The soul of Mrs. Cope revolted at the idea of leaving city streets for a dull country suburb, where John could afford to dwell under his own vine and fig-tree. What should she do, left alone all day to gaze at the sky and trees, without the zest imparted to her present existence by visits to Stewart's, Macy's, and Lyle's?

A stealthy sound at the door attracted her attention, and a note slipped under the crack. She looked at it askance, blushed, dimpled into smiles, and opened the mysterious missive. It was delightfully naughty to receive a note under the door instead of in a more legitimate manner; altogether wrong, and she should tell *him* so. What would John think? Be offended, no doubt, when there was really no harm. John must not know. There!

The note suggested that if Mrs. Cope happened to be passing Tiffany's at four o'clock, the writer would do himself the pleasure of taking her to see Gustave Doré's picture, then on exhibition.

Animation succeeded ennui in a trice. The lady put on her new hat with the coquettish plume, and surveyed herself in the mirror. One can not be young and pretty but once, with a straight little nose, piquant face, and arch black eyes; and it will be all the same a hundred years hence whether one happens to meet Frank Thornton in taking a walk or not.

Totty Blake climbed the stairs, humming a tune and swinging a very dilapidated doll by one leg. Mrs. Blake was asking Miss Aspen if she thought Mrs. Cope should always have her parlor swept first, when there were older boarders in the house. Totty interrupted the conference with,

"Frank Thornton was on his knees poking somefin under the door. I seen him."

"What door, darling?" inquired Miss Aspen.

"No. 7," replied Totty, promptly, searching for nuts and crackers on the bureau wherewith to allay the pangs of hunger.

The two ladies looked at each other in silence.

"Do you know any thing about the young lady who is to occupy the hall bedroom?" Mrs. Blake finally inquired.

"Her name is Hester Dallas, and she is an art student," replied Miss Aspen, who always knew every thing.

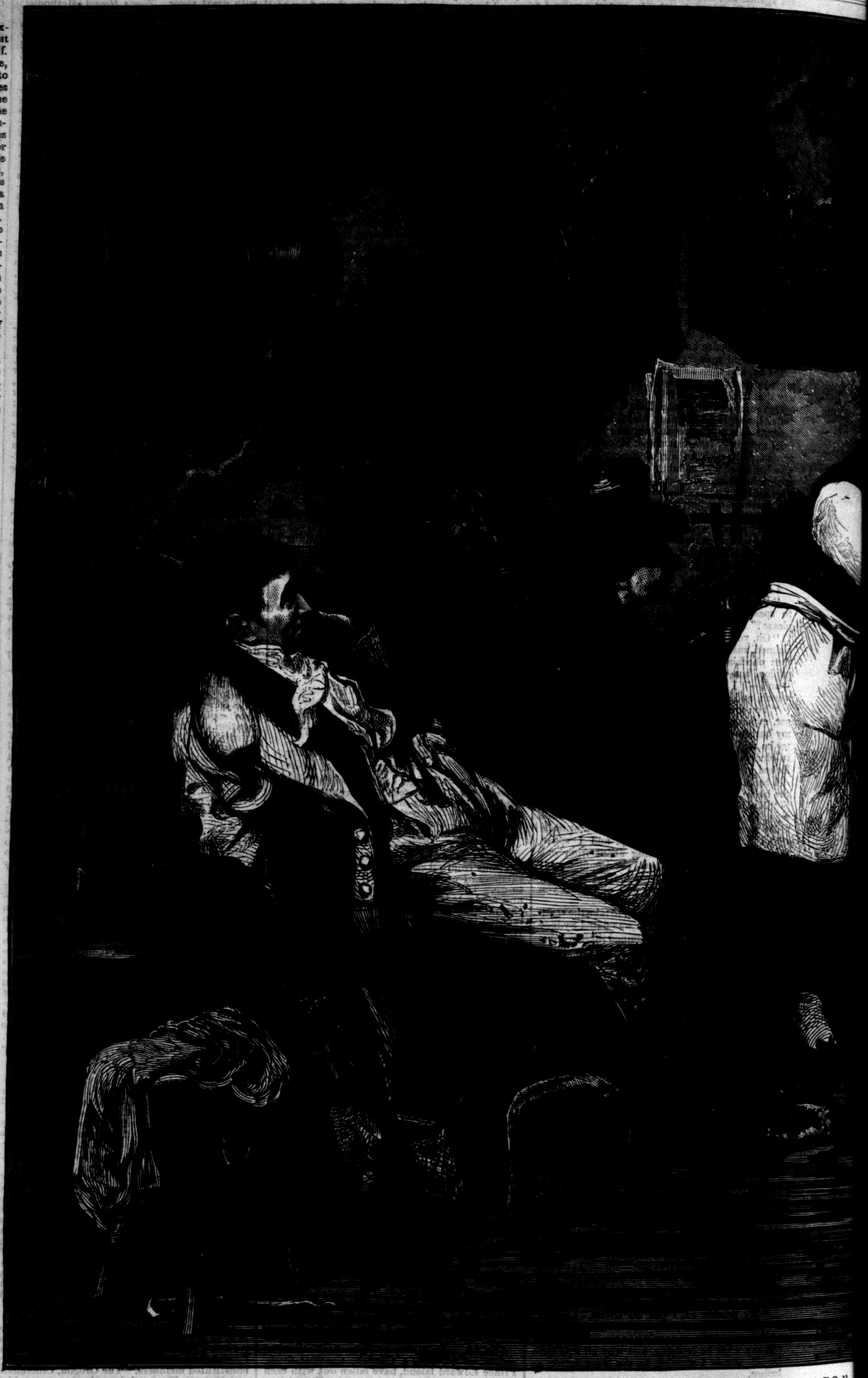
Totty was a boarding-house child, small, pale, shrewd, imbibing knowledge from many sources, and of truly varied experience for a maiden of five years. She was not to be deceived by appearances, or bribed by candy from pursuing her own ends when her interest was aroused. Still munching her crackers, she descended slowly to Dr. Holland's office to while away an hour perched at his table on a stool, watching him write, or arrange funny little bottles. Here she found her master, and respected him accordingly. The young physician was kind to his tiny visitor, but the small fingers dared not stray toward the unknown, and Miss Totty was lifted outside the door when her company was considered no longer desirable.

"There's somebody comin', and she ain't rich, coz she has the nine-dollar-a-week room," remarked the engaging child, hopping across the threshold of the office.

"How wise we are!" said the doctor, shaking a vial warningly. "When little girls know too much, we sometimes pickle them in bottles like this."

Totty's eyes grew round with horror, and she edged cautiously nearer the door, to be prepared for the worst in case her medical friend should decide upon making mince-meat of her.

A modest vehicle, known as a "crystal," which had a roof like a tea-tray, paused at the door, and a young lady, who had been inclosed after the manner of a fly in amber by the glass sides, descended. Evidently there was some misunderstanding. The young lady shook her head, and held her purse firmly closed; the driver blus-



"FIFTY YEARS AGO."—

tered, waxed ins
her traveling-bag
opened the front-
out, speedily adj
"Thank you,
soft voice. Then
Holland saw a fa
er than handsome
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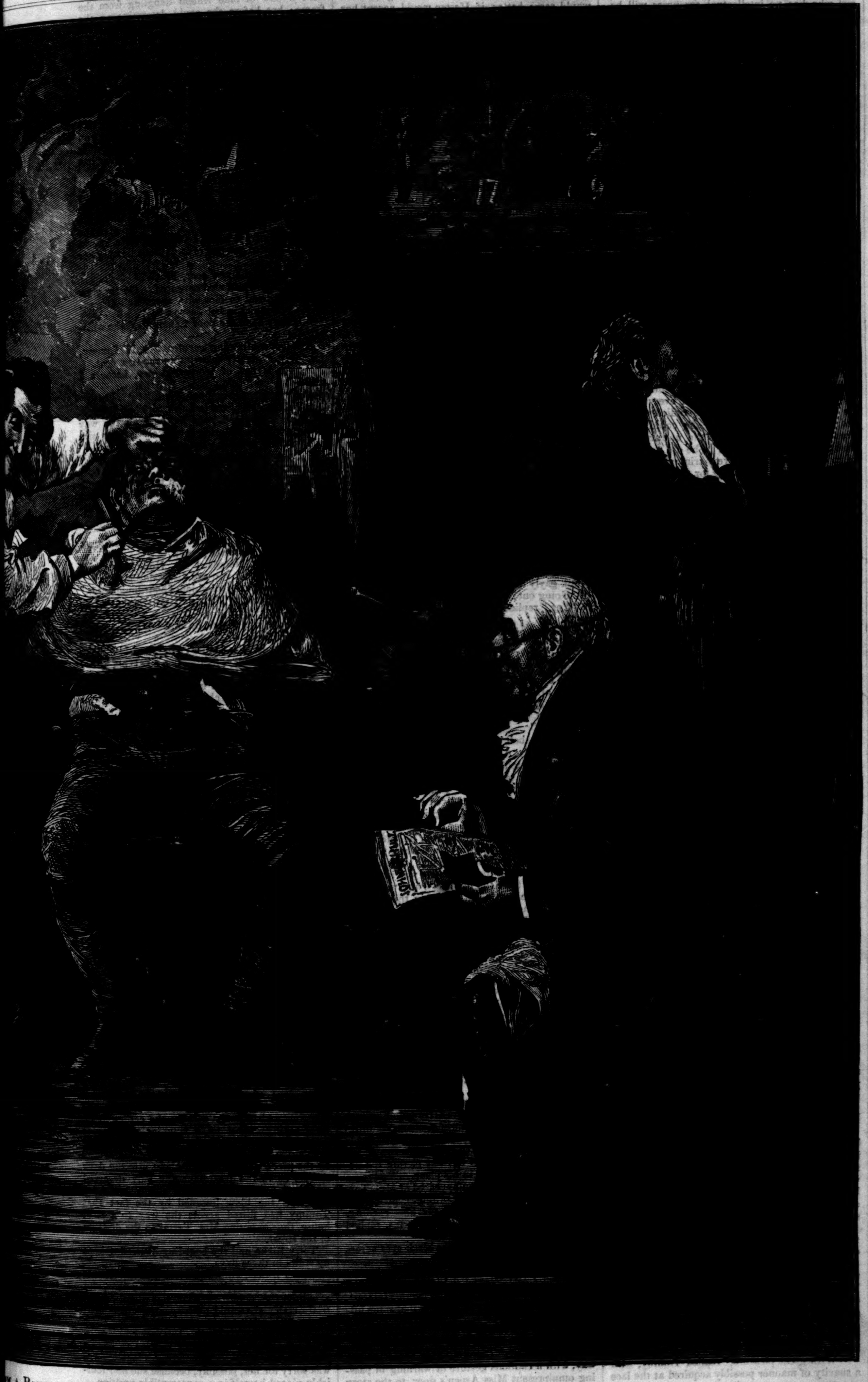


"GO."—[From] a Painting by F. Barnard.]

...d laid one red hand on ...y, scenting excitement, ...hile Dr. Holland darted ...tters.

...id the girl, in a sweet ...ked at each other. Dr. ... face, interesting rath- ...d in waving brown hair, ...ted a well-bred young ...faire which promised ... as a physician, a keen glance, good-tempered expression, and head rather massive for the body supporting it.

"If you are the new lady, you may come in," piped Totty, shrilly, not to be left in the background.

"I am the new lady," replied the stranger, smiling frankly.

Dr. Holland went back to his office decided that she was beautiful. She had only to smile, revealing dazzlingly white teeth, to persuade one of that fact.

"A strong, sensible, good face," he soliloquized, deliberately turning his overcoat wrong side out.

"Doin' to wear it that way?" said Totty, after gravely watching the operation.

The doctor blushed, put on his hat, and went to see his patients, unaccountably put out by that wise little face peering up at him. He was a man in good society, a rising physician, an ardent student, who had fought hard for every inch of ground gained, and he knew hosts of ladies. It was desirable that he should marry, and establish himself in life. Policy prompted the measure, but far down in the young man's heart was a shrine veiled from the busy world, where he worshiped an ideal which, if never realized, kept his life pure.

Hester Dallas was received by Mrs. Tartar in due form. She was a courageous girl, but she succumbed before the landlady's double chin, snapping eyes, and black cap, as such waifs from the vast concourse of "wandering Christians" as were stranded beneath Mrs. Tartar's roof usually did. Mrs. Tartar stood no nonsense from any body, and all day her sharp tongue sounded through the house, now sending ironical messages to some intimidated boarder calculated to quell rebellion, now indulging in sharp rebuke to trembling menials. Only for her landlord, Dr. Holland, was reserved a honeyed sweetness which beguiled that young man into a firm faith in her sterling qualities.

Hester was not to be daunted by trifles; the firm lips and bright eye indicated hope. She had come to the city to win her own way, and did not shrink from the prospect of hard work. The aspect of the little hall room imparted a chill, it was so dark and cheerless, with furniture that plainly told the melancholy tale of auction sales, and a window affording a prospect of blank brick wall, clothes drying on lines, and vagabond cats with the appearance of being at odds with society. The girl was determined to conquer loneliness and discouragement. She arranged her modest worldly goods to the best advantage in this box of a chamber, and even hung a pen-and-ink sketch of Dallasville on the wall. The sketch was Hester's own work, and represented her native place. There were the familiar village street, with the factory and bridge, the old trees shading the Dallas homestead, and the church spire beyond. Hester rested her chin on her hand and wondered if she had made a mistake in refusing the young minister, leaving him to fall a prey inevitably to Aunt Mehitable's tea parties and Phœbe's smiles. After all, she was grateful to him, if she could not love him. He had first discovered genius, not in the stiff studies modeled on the school-marm's drawing method, but in the careless sketches fluttering between the pages of Hester's text-book—glimpses of the world about her. The village did not know what to make of it when she departed to pursue her studies in the city, and doubted but the minister was to blame for putting new-fangled notions in her head. And, indeed, had not that conscientious young divine given rein to imagination in a way totally unexpected to himself when he bent over the sketches long, admiring them much, but admiring the artist more? Perhaps Aunt Mehitable knew best, after all. She encouraged Phœbe to purchase a new pink calico of a persuasive peddler, baked marvelous cake, and bided her time.

Having completed her unpacking, Hester opened the door and peeped out. A fat little dog, with an abstracted, anxious expression of countenance, was trotting up stairs. Without so much as a wag of the tail in acknowledgment of Hester's notice, the little dog went straight on about his business, and lay down on the rug before the door of a room from whence proceeded the dismal wailing tones of a melodeon. Once established on the rug, the animal surveyed Hester haughtily as a person with whom he had no acquaintance, and waited patiently for the opening of the door. Ah, Sandy, beautiful in thy comical ugliness, with coat like a scrubbing-brush, to what perfection of sagacity may not a Scotch terrier be trained, especially when he is a boarding-house dog! Safe to greet Mrs. Tartar with a fawning, servile mien as one having authority; safe to carry one's nose in the air as far as the chamber-maid is concerned; but only a dog of the best blood may judge which boarders to tolerate, and which to snap at in dark corners. The wailing of the melodeon ceased, and Miss Aspen received her pet with effusion. Hester returned to the contemplation of the brick wall, the cats, and the linen.

"Are you goin' to live here?" said a voice. Totty stood at her elbow. Hester smiled, and lifted the child on her lap. The sharp young eyes studied her with an aspect of owlish wisdom. "Who made your dress? I guess you did yourself; people do in the country. Ma goes to a dress-maker. Why do you have this mean little room? Can't you afford a larger one? Miss Aspen pays fifteen dollars a week—ever so much more nor you. She's a cross old maid. I sha'n't be an old maid. What have you got in your trunk?"

Poor Hester reddened under this volley of questions. The small tormentor upset a box of colors, peeped into the bureau drawers, insisted upon turning the leaves of a drawing-book with fingers of questionable cleanliness, and crawled under the table to inspect a traveling-bag. In no other place does the *enfant terrible* wield such power as in the boarding-house.

"I think you had better go now, dear," said Hester, mildly.

Useless hint. Totty, with the contents of the bag poured out in her lap, was trying to see through an eyeglass. Inspiration led Hester to carry the war into the enemy's country.

"Oh, what dear little blue boots!" she exclaimed, artlessly.

Up rose the child in her wrath, scattering Hester's treasures on the floor.

"You sha'n't look at 'em. I hate 'em! Old blue boots and a green gown, I don't match. You're a ugly thing to talk like that!"

Away she stalked in high dudgeon, Hester having ignorantly jarred on a sensitive chord—the boots Totty was forced to wear; and Totty's mamma always treated Hester with an icy reserve ever after. A slight, real or imaginary, is always the spark which fires the magazine in the maternal bosom.

The lady in No. 7 donned the becoming hat and went out, the charm of novelty and the zest of excitement imparting an interest to her walk. To be sure she was about to meet a very commonplace young man whom she saw daily, and if he had invited her to see the picture by any ordinary means, the affair would have been tame enough. How different the secret understanding—the stolen pleasure requiring the most delicate adjustment not to prove a chilling disappointment. What if she met John? What if some

friend claimed her companionship? Glancing nervously around corners, and searching the faces she met apprehensively, the pretty woman reached her destination. Four o'clock, and no cavalier. She pouted, and went shopping down the street. Returning at a quarter past the hour, and finding no cavalier, she went shopping up the street. Failing on both occasions, she proceeded to the gallery, where the rustle of a catalogue, the sound of a step, made her start in expectation. No cavalier. The lady in No. 7 walked homeward with a very long face indeed. She would like to have seen John equally remiss in keeping an appointment with herself!

It happened that Frank Thornton, on quitting the office of Bullion & Co. that day, where he was clerk, to refresh himself with oysters on the half shell and ale at noon, had encountered John Cope. With a preoccupied frown, seeing nothing about him, John Cope had passed the slim and dapper Frank, oblivious of his salutation. The market value of cotton lay heavy on John's mind just then, but the young gentleman employed by Bullion & Co., after a reflective glance at Mr. Cope's stalwart form, concluded not to take Mrs. Cope to see the great Doré picture.

The lady in No. 7 looked at him beneath her lashes archly at dinner-time.

"What a fine day we have had!" she said, sweetly.

"Yes, awfully busy," muttered Mr. Thornton, constrainedly.

Poor fellow! he had been kept in the office late, then. She dropped her fan on the stairs; the gentleman stooped for it.

"I am disengaged on Monday," she whispered.

"Very sorry, I'm sure, but I can't really—" began the cavalier, awkwardly, when she cut him short with a slight toss of the head, and rejoined her husband in the lower hall.

"If I ever saw a blind mole, it's that John Cope," soliloquized Miss Aspen, who had been gazing down on the scene over the balusters.

Frank Thornton had the misfortune to sit opposite a woman scorned that night, which did not improve the flavor of Mrs. Tartar's viands. A young lady with short curling hair occupied a place beside him. There was no mistress at the board; Mrs. Tartar confined her exertions to some desultory skirmishing in the butler's pantry, when she was present at all. Frank Thornton ventured to urge Hester's acceptance of a plate of hot water with islands of carrot floating therein, which was dignified by the name of soup. Result: Mrs. Cope turned with the most flattering interest to Tom Boyle, and wished to know if he had yet seen the Doré picture which she had been admiring that afternoon. Dr. Holland came late, flushed and tired after the day's labor, but he felt a certain satisfaction that the new arrival had been placed at his right hand.

"How do you like Miss Dallas?" inquired Tommy Boyle, in the doctor's office, after dinner.

"Immensely," replied Frank, with real or affected fervor. "You fellows may look out for yourselves; I intend to cut in and win in that quarter."

Dr. Holland laughed the good-humored, half-ironical laugh of a man who considers the world a wide enough place for all to pursue separate aims without collision. Tommy Boyle reddened slightly.

"We shall see," he responded, stiffly, straightening his trim little form.

Tommy had a fair, open countenance, with flaxen hair parted in the middle, and mild blue eyes. He was one of the most persuasive of lace salesmen, and could charm ladies into any extravagance.

"I wish you would take me to the theatre to-night, John," said Mrs. Cope, plaintively.

"I am too fagged," replied John, tartly.

"Perhaps you will oblige me by removing your feet from my best chair, as I expect company," said the little wife, with sarcastic politeness.

John was very tiresome, there could be no doubt about that fact. Other men went out in the evening, while he sat smoking his cigar and reading the newspaper without uttering a word. For her own part, the lady in No. 7 liked something "going on." She was ready to pursue that intangible will-o'-the-wisp, excitement, through bog and bramble. John groaned, withdrew his slippers from the best chair, gathered himself up, and greeted Hester Dallas with a constrained smile, listening abstractedly, replying at random, longing to return to his newspaper. Mrs. Cope's husband spent the evening without satisfaction to himself or his company. Was it for this result, John Cope, that you returned to your native town down on the coast, in the midsummer holidays, and beheld Tildy Crane perched in the bows of a boat, siren fashion, to lure you over the waters to the Sunday-school picnic? Was it the glamour of sunset on the harbor, crimson and gold, or the sparkling beauty alone of the little face beneath the straw hat, which caught your fancy, plain, sober John, just freed from the tread-mill of work? Time and place have more to do with these things than we realize. Wooed and won was Tildy at that pleasant season, making all speed to quit the little brown house where Mrs. Crane did the village dress-making. John, while indulging in love's sweet follies, might still pride himself in the wisdom of his choice.

Tildy was used to poverty and the little brown house; she would know the value of money, appreciate the home which he would prepare in the suburbs of the great city.

Not so; John Cope's charming bride from Fishport must see the world, must board in the heart of the metropolis, since she can not afford an establishment on the Avenue; must linger, fascinated, about the shop windows of her ambitious dreams. True to her instincts, the country girl who has no intellectual resources will become the most tenacious city resident, spurning the green fields from whence she came if she may have in exchange hot, dusty streets, noise, and moving crowds. Julia, in the *Hunchback*, constantly reproduces the familiar image; from simple muslin-clad maiden to haughty patroness of milliners, the transition is natural. So John Cope, weary and dull, sat in the corner, while his wife sparkled and beamed on Tommy Boyle and Dr. Holland, using every sentence as a barbed arrow to slight the guilty Frank Thornton, who chatted comfortably with Hester Dallas over a book of engravings.

Mr. Cope could not repress a sigh of relief when the door closed on his guests at eleven o'clock. His wife, laying aside her company manner, yawned. John patted the little head tenderly with his broad palm.

"I can not help thinking, dear, how much happier we should be in a home of our own. There's a cottage over on the Jersey side—"

"Oh, I dare say," interrupted Matilda. "Some agent wants to cheat you into taking it. Miss Swampcott has been to see me to-day. The children have all had chills out in that *lovely* spot where you wished to move last spring, and the cook threatened Mrs. Swampcott with a flat-iron while the gentlemen were at their business in town. I suppose you wish me to be murdered like that, left all alone."

John knocked the ashes out of his meerschaum, and laid it away. The act was eloquent. A furrow grew in his brow; he looked every day of his thirty-five years. Matilda studied the carpet sullenly, wondering how she could punish Frank Thornton further for the unwarrantable slight he had put upon her. She did not undervalue John; indeed, the very triumph of having captured him made her long for fresh conquests. Possibly some sting of conscience made her take refuge in further upbraiding.

"I suppose you can shut yourself up and live like a hermit, if you choose. You might as well, if you can not treat people more civilly than you have this evening."

"What have I done that was uncivil?" inquired John, in dismay. "It is rather hard to be obliged to relinquish one's newspaper, and have one's best cigars appropriated, only to be accused of rudeness afterward by the wife of one's bosom."

"You make me very unhappy, because I can never suit you," sobbed Matilda, yielding to a sudden tempest of tears.

"There, there! you shall go to the theatre to-morrow."

In the mean while Mrs. Cope's guests went their several ways. Tommy Boyle and Frank Thornton ascended to upper regions, where they occupied the same apartment, shared each other's secrets, borrowed each other's gloves, and were inseparable chums.

Hester Dallas was so much pleased with her city acquaintances that she immediately entered them on the first page of a new diary she was prepared to keep. The young physician returned to his office, adjusted the Argand burner, and prepared to devote an hour to the work he was writing. This was the path he had marked out for himself—to delineate a pet medical theory in his own fashion, and look well to the links and joints of his armor before challenging criticism. With what enthusiasm had he received the inspiration for his book from a chance word of another's a year ago! and how had he searched libraries ever since—dark mines of dross—for his one gem of truth! The papers scattered about him, here held by an elastic band, there imprisoned by a weight, meant order to him, although it would have puzzled a casual reader to find beginning or end. Some time methodical arrangement of page and chapter would result from these scraps, these odds and ends of ideas and facts.

Dr. Holland paused, with pen poised over a fresh sheet, diverted from sober labor by the idlest fancy. A fair, serious face, framed in wavy hair, grew out of the shadows beyond the radiance of light, became a presence, intangible yet real, gazing into his soul. Absurd! Totty was so droll about the coat.

PART II.—HESTER DALLAS MAKES MISCHIEF.

Two months later Hester Dallas paused in the hall one day, with a curious expression of timidity and irresolution on her face. She had just raised her hand to tap on Dr. Holland's door, when Totty Blake, fresh from a visit to the lower regions which had left traces of molasses and coal dust on her pinafore, appeared on the scene.

"Are you after Dr. Holland, really?" inquired the boarding-house child, with considerable excitement; "Miss Aspen says so."

Hester's sole response was to dart swiftly up stairs, with burning cheeks and fluttering heart. To be accused of pursuing a man, hunting him down, was unbearable! Fate ordained that she should meet Tommy Boyle on the landing.

"Mr. Boyle, would you like to accompany me to the exhibition to-night?" she inquired, hurriedly.

"With great pleasure," replied Tommy, with a suavity of manner possibly acquired at the lace counter.

"Well?" said the lady in No. 7, interrogatively, thrusting forth her head from the door.

"I have invited Mr. Boyle," replied Hester, with that grand aspect of indifference sometimes assumed by young women to conceal a twinge of regret. She regained her own apartment with a sigh. She was unaccountably disappointed that Tommy Boyle was to be her escort. What would *he* think? She could not be accused of chasing *him*, at least. The lady in No. 7 had advised not inviting Frank Thornton; he was so vain, and apt to think that girls were falling in love with him, she said. Either of the other gentlemen would serve better, if Hester would accept her opinion.

These were wonderful days to the girl from Dallasville. She seemed to have entered another sphere from her former life; her nature was unfolding, climbing nearer the goal set up by the young minister. What to her were Mrs. Tartar's idiosyncrasies in bread and gravy when she might daily enter the temple and worship art, even striving to catch the fleeting shadow of glory on her own canvas? Was there any other incentive to kindle interest in her fellow-creatures? Hester was quite a belle in the boarding-house, owing to a combination of circumstances. Frank Thornton, the gay Lothario of the mansion, was only too glad to accept as cat's-paw the new girl, when the intention of the lady in No. 7 to flirt with him became alarmingly apparent. Tommy Boyle was the sheep that followed, one young man being sure to appreciate a lady if she has succeeded in firing the devotion of another. Dr. Holland went and came, sometimes indulging in a brief talk with the artist by the parlor window, and many books—Hamerton, Ruskin, and Taine—found their way into her hands from his library. Hester was more than pleased; she was a little awe-struck, her good common-sense being held in thrall by the novelty of such attentions. She regarded Frank respectfully as a well-dressed city man, and Tommy became in her eyes a veteran of society, after a nonchalant description on his part of how the *beau monde* did things at Newport.

"She's a nice girl. Pity she is so plain, though," said the lady in No. 7 to Miss Aspen, who shook her head sympathetically.

"And I dare say she needs to marry well," added Miss Aspen. "Artists are usually poor, you know."

Then she went down stairs and told Mrs. Blake that the lady in No. 7 was so jealous of Hester that she would drive her out of the house sooner or later.

Tommy Boyle was resplendent in evening costume at dinner, which gave him the appearance of a pigeon with swelling plumage. Hester, in her best gown, with a pink ribbon at the throat, had a discomforted aspect. Unconscious of evil, Frank gayly accosted his room-mate.

"Going out?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Boyle, with conscious triumph.

"Is it an opera night?" persisted the obtuse Frank.

"Not that I am aware of," was the superior response.

Mrs. Cope, demurely quiet during the meal, held an arrow in her quiver.

"Miss Dallas has invited Mr. Boyle to escort her to the exhibition. Her teacher is on the committee."

Thus the bolt fell. Tommy Boyle was the chosen escort. A blank astonishment on Frank's face was reflected in a shade of anger on the doctor's. In their separate ways the two young men were chafed by this slight. Frank Thornton had not supposed that the girl lived who would pass him by. Mrs. Cope was laughing at him, and his vanity writhed under her mischievous glance. The doctor destroyed the image he had set up with sudden wrath and a pain he had not supposed himself capable of feeling. Not that he cared for Hester in the least. He was interested in her studies (like the minister), and was disappointed to see her lower herself in this way, for it *was* lowering in a woman who could appreciate Ruskin and Taine to make a companion of dull Tommy Boyle. In this black mood—as fine a specimen of jealousy as could be desired—the physician sat down to the great work. He could not resist dashing off the familiar lines:

> "Woman's faith, and woman's trust—
> Write the characters in dust."

Then he took a volume of Browning, purchased as a gift for guilty Hester, and inserted the slip of paper between the leaves.

Hester, having with the aid of the lady in No. 7 thrown down this apple of discord, was moving among a crowd of strangers, absent-minded and dejected, yet striving to make reparation to her escort for disloyal thoughts by a forced gayety of manner. It was pleasant to see the pride of Tommy Boyle, most trim and gallant of little cavaliers, in pointing out notabilities and criticising jewels. Then he must needs launch recklessly into ice-cream afterward, yet ungrateful Hester could not but picture the delight of having another in his place.

Two moody young men appeared at Mrs. Tartar's breakfast table next morning. Mrs. Cope drew out Tommy as to the previous evening, who, unconscious of impending storms, replied with all possible enthusiasm.

"We are quits!" flashed the black eyes across the table at Frank Thornton.

PART III.—IN A CLOSET.

Hester went to her studies with lagging interest.

"Follow me!" cried Mrs. Cope, that same afternoon.

"What is the matter?" asked Hester, startled and confused.

"Never mind. Come." Mrs. Cope led the way, with a cautious gesture of warning in passing omnipresent Miss Aspen's door, to the story above.

Hester followed in wondering silence.

"I want to show you a picture on Frank Thornton's wall. Bridget told me all about it," giggled Mrs. Cope. "I suppose it is the face of the girl he is engaged to marry."

"Surely we have no right to come here," hesitated her bewildered companion.

"Oh, nonsense! It is hanging there for all to see. Do not be so silly," and the elder woman dragged her unwilling recruit into the chamber.

On the wall Hester beheld a large photograph, with a bow of blue ribbon dangling from the frame; but before she could determine on the beauty of the face, loud voices and rapid steps were heard on the stairs. Heavens! the young men were coming home earlier than usual. Mrs. Cope seized Hester's hand and darted into the closet, palpitating with terror at the situation.

"I should like to know what you mean?" demanded Tommy, hotly.

"It's nothing to me what you do," returned Frank, in that cool, sneering tone which is like pouring molten lava on a fire. "Of course you may go where you're asked, only I should prefer to escort a girl with more style than Hester has to a fashionable gathering."

"Humph! sour grapes," retorted Tom.

"Oh, don't try to come that game now; it's so absurd, my boy," said Frank, in languid protest. "I can escort the Dasher girls any time in swell style if I choose. I'm only too glad the artist did not ask me. I shouldn't have known exactly how to get out of it without hurting her feelings."

"Where is the new coat, Frank?"

Dr. Holland had also appeared. Hester grew cold from head to foot with anger and disgust. Mrs. Cope clung to her desperately.

"If they open the door I shall *die*," she whispered.

"What a stunning garment!" said Tommy, jeeringly, evidently referring to the new coat.

"Tom is out of temper, doctor, because I said—"

"Sour grapes," snapped Tom.

"Will you allow me to finish, Sir?" said Frank.

"No; I've stood your bullying all the way home, and your taunting remarks. She's a nice girl. I don't call her a beauty, of course, still—"

"I never said she was not a nice girl, mind," interposed Frank. "She would be a nicer one, though, if she wasn't so much under the thumb of that silly woman in No. 7. By Jove! she's fond of making eyes at a fellow, or I'm mistaken."

"You're a brute," said Tommy Boyle.

"Insult a man of your own size if you must be impudent," retorted Frank.

"Silence!" interposed Dr. Holland, sternly. "Remember that you are discussing ladies."

"Women are the mischief of boarding-houses," muttered Frank. Then they all went down to dinner.

Mr. Cope was absent on business; Mrs. Cope had a headache.

"Where is Miss Dallas?" inquired Mrs. Tartar from the pantry, flourishing a carving-knife.

"She's sick too," said the servant.

Totty Blake, with a napkin tucked under her chin, sat in her high chair, beating the table with a spoon in defiance of etiquette.

"No, they ain't sick, neither," said Totty. "I guess they staid to-day in Frank's room, coz they both came out of the closet together."

Fancy the constrained silence which descended on three of Mrs. Tartar's boarders!

When John Cope returned from his journey he was greeted by a very meek and humble little woman. The lady in No. 7 had remained in a state of blockade for a week, Bridget acting as jailer.

"John, would you like the cottage on the Jersey side? I've been thinking that it might be nice, too. I'm tired of city life."

The battle of words raged high on the upper floor, where brotherly love had dwelt so recently. Tom and Frank had supposed that nothing could ever come between them, and, behold, a woman had interposed. There was a stately politeness of demeanor manifested in public; never before had Mr. Boyle been so anxious that Mr. Thornton should be helped to butter, or Mr. Thornton evinced equal solicitude as to the amount of sugar in Mr. Boyle's cup of coffee. Once up stairs the price of cigars, or the political question as to whether the President would run another term or not, was sufficient to fire the train of smouldering wrath, and the battle was revived with ardor. Goethe said, "Nothing distresses me more than to see men torment each other, particularly when in the flower of their age, in the very season of pleasure, they waste their few short days of sunshine in quarrels." Frank Thornton crushed his hat over his eyes one morning, and departed without the ceremony of leave-taking. And by a singular coincidence Tommy Boyle chose the same day for a similar manœuvre. Mrs. Tartar was justly aggravated by the proceeding, and went about uttering dark threats as to the treatment any lady deserved who had robbed her of two steady boarders. Nor was the blow lessened by the fact that Tommy had flitted across the way to a rival house, thus exposing Mrs. Tartar to the derision of the street.

Totty Blake and the boarding-house dog kept up stairs in those days.

Hester Dallas, humiliated and distressed, went her way, always darting past the office door, and avoiding the doctor. That was the heaviest trial of all; she could no longer look this man in the face. What must he think of her? A gulf of impenetrable reserve had opened between them, and Hester obstinately refused to accept any bridge courtesy or compassion offered. He was sorry for her, possibly, because she had foolishly placed herself in a contemptible position.

It was a dark, stormy afternoon, with rain and sleet incrusting the pavement, when Hester issued forth from the art school. At the corner the wind lay in wait, pounced on her, and almost wrenched her umbrella away. A larger umbrella was held over her head, her hand was drawn through a protecting arm, and Dr. Holland said, quietly,

"Let me take care of you."

Hester gave a little gasp and looked at him furtively. What she read in his clear honest eyes made her cheeks glow like a rose.

Select another house, Mrs. Tartar, for a pair

of lovers are coming through the storm sheltered by one umbrella, and Dr. Holland will require his own in the autumn.

Who will then be able to recognize the small brick tenement within hearing of Eighth Avenue's jangling bells, so lately the realm of disorder and conflicting elements? Plants will thrive in the windows where Totty Blake once pressed her intrusive little nose against every pane, and the walls will bloom with the sketches of the young wife's tender fancy, while over all will brood the peaceful influence, the sacred seclusion needful to sweeten every life, of a home.

THE NEWSBOYS' EXCURSION.

The newsboys of New York had a jolly good time on Saturday, September 4, when Mr. George F. Williams, of the *Herald*, took them all on a free excursion to Oriental Grove, Long Island. Thirteen hundred and forty-six of them assembled in front of the City Hall at half past seven in the morning, where they were formed into column ten abreast on the plaza by the manager, assisted by Captain Leary, of the Twenty-sixth Precinct, and a full detail of officers of his command. The column was headed by the Governor's Island Band, and, with banners and flags flying, a start was effected at eight o'clock for Pier 39, East River, where the barge *Republic* was waiting to receive its living freight.

The lines were cast off from the wharf at a little after nine o'clock, and the voyage was begun. Shortly after getting into mid-stream, and when opposite the floating docks, an incident occurred which showed the thoroughly careless nature of the boys and their dare-devil spirit, which was that three of them jumped overboard from the upper deck, and swam for the shore like so many water-rats, without even taking off their clothes. The incident exhibited also the perfect discipline maintained by the manager. No panic or excitement ensued. The steamer was stopped, the boat which is always towing astern of the barge with a boatman on the watch was at once cast loose, and chase given for the young imps, who were overtaken and returned on board the barge. No further attempts of the kind were made.

Oriental Grove was made shortly before noon, when, as each boy passed ashore, he was given a large double-roll sandwich. A rush for the beach was then made, and, almost before the time could be counted, over a thousand little naked forms were seen splashing in the water, which at once became converted into a sea of white foam. Some of the more daring swam out to the head of the dock, which they climbed like so many cats, seeking the loftiest spiles to mount for a dive. Some even carried their daring, in spite of the most constant watching, so far as to climb to the hurricane deck of the barge, and from there to jump down into the water, turning somersets as they descended. In fact, it seemed almost as though the water with a majority of the young urchins was an element in which they partly lived, so loath were they to leave it.

"Punch and Judy" and a number of sleight-of-hand performances were exhibited over and over again, to the intense satisfaction of the boys, who showed their appreciation of the performance by applauding each and every point made. The recall was sounded at two o'clock, and within half an hour every one was on board. Each boy on re-embarking was given another sandwich and a mug of lemonade, which were disposed of with an appetite sharpened by the swim and the ramble in the grove. On the homeward trip singing and marching were the order again, and the fun was kept up until the barge was made fast at the pier at the foot of Dover Street. During the afternoon all hands were furnished with the great treat of the day, viz., a large plate of ice-cream and a "big" slice of sponge-cake. The faces of the boys as they were eating their cream made up a picture that no pen can describe. The cost of the day for all expenses was a trifle over $700. Our artist, who accompanied the excursionists, has grouped a number of the characteristic sketches on page 804.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The precise date at which the American turkey was introduced (probably from Mexico) into Europe has always been a matter of some uncertainty, its arrival in France having been ascribed to the action of the Jesuits. It formed a conspicuous part in the nuptial feast of Charles IX., in 1570. A much earlier mention of this bird has, however, been found in a manuscript recently printed in France, where in Gouberville's diary, under date of December 27, 1555, he speaks of having brought to him an Indian cock and hen. Probably that bird must have been known for some time, from this casual mention, as the same journal contains notices in detail of new forms of animal and vegetable life which had attracted attention.

In consequence of rumors that the practice of vivisection has been greatly abused in England in medical schools and lecture-rooms for the purpose of showing useless and exceedingly painful experiments in public, a movement has lately been gaining ground in that country for its legislative restriction. In order to ascertain whether any or what kind of legislation is needed, a Royal Commission has been appointed, consisting of Lord Cardwell, Lord Wimmarleigh, the Right Hon. W. E. Forster, M.P., Sir J. B. Karslake, M.P., Professor Huxley, F.R.S., Professor Erichsen, F.R.S., and Mr. R. H. Hutton.

In an address on the climatology of Florida, recently delivered by Dr. Baldwin, the author gives some interesting statistics, whose value is indicated by the fact that they are based upon thirty-six years' meteorological observations, recorded by himself, at Jacksonville, together with numerous shorter records from the stations in other portions of the State. He states that *the first frost* has occurred in the fall in October four times in the course of these records, in November sixteen times, and in December seven times. There have been several years in which there have been no frosts in October. There have been three years in which none have occurred in November or December. Of late frosts he says that there have been very few in April, and none after that. The latest on record is that on the 28th of April, 1858. There have been but four Aprils and but four Octobers in which frosts have been recorded. From these statements an idea can be formed of the average amounts of freezing weather in winter. Frosty days occur, on the average, about five days in each of the months of December and January. As to clear days, he states that from November to March there is an average of twenty clear days per month, but for June, July, August, September, and October an average of from seventeen to nineteen days. Of rainy days there are in January six or seven, February three or four, March five or six, and December five. "I judge," Dr. Baldwin says, "that, on the whole, the preponderance of clear over rainy and cloudy days speaks decidedly in favor of our climate as being characterized by a fair amount of pleasant weather. The excessively cloudy weather of January, 1875, is a marked exception to all former years since my residence in Florida, and has most probably resulted from some general disturbance of the atmosphere, which has produced such intense cold in the Northern States as will probably be remembered hereafter as one of those cold winters which at long intervals will visit a country, and which on many accounts may be considered as a 'blessing in disguise.'"

It is an interesting fact in the history of the domestication of animals among the ancients that the Egyptians bred several species, and kept them in large numbers, which are not now employed in any part of the world. Among these are the Addax and Beisa antelopes, the gazelle, or Dorcas antelope, and the Kobe antelope. The evidence of this is found, together with much else connected with the history of the ancient Egyptians, in the pictures on the tombs, where flocks of these animals are represented, with others, receiving the attentions of the farmer and herdsman. About 1800 years before the Christian era, however, these representations were fewer and fewer in number, and after that time their occurrence in relation to domestic animals seems to have ceased.

Mr. J. Matthew Jones gives an account of a very remarkable flight of small yellow butterflies, *Terias lisa*, of the family *Pieridæ*, which visited the Bermuda Islands on the 1st of October, 1874. Their number was so great that their first appearance was that of a cloud coming in from the northwest, and when close to the land they separated into two columns, and dispersed east and west over the islands.

Mr. Jones does not consider that this was an intentional movement on the part of these butterflies, but that probably the individuals, while swarming at some point along the coast of the United States, were caught up in a cyclone or other storm, and carried out to sea to a great distance.

The details have recently been received of a very remarkable fall of meteoric stones that took place on the 23d of September, 1873, in India. The largest pieces and the greatest number fell near the village of Kahirpur, in latitude 29° 56′ north, longitude 72° 12′ east. Five stones are mentioned as having fallen at this place, but others appear to have been obtained. At a number of other places stones also fell, and the whole district over which the fall seems to have spread has a length of sixteen miles in a south-east and northwest direction, and a breadth of about three miles. Many of the stones were found imbedded in the earth at a depth of about eighteen inches. The largest three weighed ten pounds, and were very irregular in shape, and all broken. As to the composition of these aerolites, it is of the usual steel-gray color and dense crystalline texture. The specific gravity of one of the pieces is given as 3.66. The appearance of the meteor was exceedingly brilliant, and its disappearance was followed, after an interval of about three and a half minutes, by a loud report, whose long reverberation died away like distant thunder.

The production of cod-liver oil in the United States and the British Provinces is carried on at present on a very large scale, the greatest amount being prepared at St. Johns, Newfoundland, from its proximity to the great fishing banks. The process of producing this oil is very simple, consisting in first carefully washing the livers until every trace of gall and foreign matter is removed, after which they are placed, with a little water, in a specially contrived boiler, and heated to a temperature of 112°. The livers swell and finally burst, when the oil contained in them rises to the top, and is at once skimmed off. This portion of the operation must be performed in as short a time as possible, so that the oil may rise and be removed before the livers have time to break up and mingle with it. One cause of the offensive taste and smell that cod-liver oil sometimes exhibits is from the mingling of very minute pieces of the liver with the oil, which afterward putrefy in it. After being skimmed off, the oil is boiled until the water is evaporated.

The next operation is that of filtering, which is repeated at least four times, the last filter being of the finest muslin, which extracts all traces of sediment. The resultant liquid, provided the livers were not more than twelve hours old, resembles Santerne wine in appearance, and is almost entirely devoid of color, taste, and smell.

The usual yield of oil is given as about one gallon to the quintal of livers. Owing to the low temperature at which the oil is extracted, fifteen months is the longest time it will keep sweet and retain its original flavor; after that time various ingredients are mixed with it which preserve it, or rather disguise its rancid taste.

In some localities in America the process of steaming is resorted to, which is supposed to facilitate the operation and improve the product.

The question of the possibility of cultivating the California salmon in the warmer waters of the Eastern United States has been very satisfactorily answered by a recent communication of Mr. P. B. Redding, one of the Fish Commissioners of California. This gentleman reports that, on the 15th of August last, salmon commenced running up the San Joaquin River, passing the bridge across that stream in latitude 36° 30′, longitude 120°, in large numbers, appearing in size and general character identical with the Sacramento fish. At that point they must have passed for 150 miles through the San Joaquin Valley, in which the mean temperature of the air at noon, in the shade, for the summer, has been about 104°; the temperature of the water at the surface from 80° to 86°, and that at the bottom from 75° to 80°. The mean depth of the river has been found to be four feet seven and three-eighths inches.

It is very doubtful whether this water temperature is exceeded in any part of the United States; certainly not in any of our larger rivers, nor in such as would be suitable for the existence of the California salmon.

It is well known that the Eastern salmon becomes uncomfortable when the temperature of the water reaches 65°, while a higher degree of temperature drives them back to the sea in search of cooler quarters.

Professor Schönfeld, of Mannheim, succeeded the late Professor Argelander as director of the observatory at Bonn on the 1st of September.

The twenty-fourth meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science was lately held at Detroit, commencing on the 11th of August, and lasting about a week. About 160 members recorded their names as present, and 96 new members were elected. According to the record, 136 papers were presented, relating to nearly all branches of science. As usual on such occasions, but a small proportion of these were actually read. Such of those on the list, however, as are handed in by their authors, and pass the criticism of the committee, will be published in the annual volume of the proceedings. The attendance at this meeting was not quite so large as that at some of its predecessors, but many very interesting papers were presented.

The next meeting of the association will be held on the fourth Wednesday in August, 1876, at Buffalo, with Professor William B. Rogers as president, and Professors Charles A. Young and Edward S. Morse as vice-presidents. Mr. Thomas C. Mendenhall was chosen general secretary, Mr. Thomas T. Bouvé, of Boston, treasurer, and Mr. F. W. Putnam, permanent secretary.

Mr. William J. Henwood died, at the age of seventy-one, on the 5th of August, at his residence in Penzance. He was especially known in connection with the study of mineral veins, his investigation of the Cornish mines, published by the Geological Society of Cornwall, constituting a very important advance in reference to the theory of these phenomena. Similar observations were made by him in South America, India, and other parts of the world. He paid particular attention to the question of subterranean temperatures, especially to the difference in the conducting power of granite, clay slate, and other rocks. For a long period he was engaged in investigating the operations of the magnetic needle, in regard to which an immense mass of matter that he accumulated is not yet published.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

A friend of mankind desires to benefit the human race by giving to the public a discovery he has made, namely, a remedy for mosquito bites. The published "cures" for mosquito bites may be numbered by scores, but this one is simple enough to be worthy a trial: "Apply a piece of ice to the place bitten, and instant relief is given." It is added, "The pain will disappear before the sufferer will have time to say, 'Bless the man who made this discovery.'" Without having ourselves tested the value of this remedy—we have latterly been abiding where no mosquitoes buzz or bite—we commend the trial of it to those who have the care of mosquito-tortured children. The little ones are the chief sufferers; their fresh young blood is a tempting bait, and their tender flesh easily penetrated. Older folks are made quite as miserable by the buzz as by the bite. That perpetual warning note, afar in the distance or near at hand, is enough to distract the most profound student, to irritate the most patient, and to arouse revengeful feelings in all who do not hold passion in check. If they would only take their bite and go! But they will not. They hum and sting, and sting and hum, with a persistent equanimity that is most exasperating. The victim knows that when the buzzing ceases the stinging begins; he flaps handkerchief or sheet, and then the strained ear listens again. A single mosquito in the darkness of night is almost as vexing as hundreds for the time being; and as far as we can see, the special mission of these pests is only to teach patience. If doors and windows are kept shut at twilight and in the early evening, it will be a great protection against mosquitoes, for at that time they will enter a house in troops. In the daytime those that have gained admission may be found in a quiescent state on the ceilings of halls and darkened rooms, where they may be remorselessly slaughtered with comparative ease.

The August report of mail matter delivered and collected by letter-carriers at the New York Post-office, and the expenses incident thereto, will indicate the extent of the postal business in the city:

Carriers employed, 432; delivery trips daily, 7 and 6; collection trips daily, 14; registered letters delivered, 15,805; mail letters delivered, 2,620,386; mail postal cards delivered, 277,848; local letters delivered, 1,581,754; local postal cards delivered, 409,947; newspapers, etc., delivered, 690,186; letters returned to the office, 25,570; letters collected, 4,290,756; postal cards collected, 554,302; newspapers, etc., collected, 408,885. Total postage on local matter delivered through the boxes, general delivery, or by carrier, $66,136 07; amount paid carriers, $31,417 62.

Homeopathy has received a public recognition by our municipal government. The Commissioners of Public Charities and Correction have assigned to the New York County Homeopathic Medical Society, for hospital uses, the building on Ward's Island hitherto known as the Inebriate Asylum. It was formally taken possession of by the new Board of Physicians on the 10th of September, and is the only free homeopathic hospital in existence. One-third of all charity patients will be sent to this hospital for treatment, the institution in this, as in other respects, standing on a level with Bellevue and the Charity Hospital. The physicians on the Medical Board include some of the most prominent homeopathic practitioners; and leading practitioners of the "old school" recognize the justice of allowing their rivals a fair chance in the public institutions, so that the new experiment begins under the most favorable auspices. There will be a resident physician, and four assistants, who will be graduates of some homeopathic college.

By the exertions of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children an orphan boy sixteen years old has been rescued from the control of a woman who kept him in drunkenness, debauchery, and filth. He was removed to a hospital, where the physician stated that his dreadful condition of health was the result of months of continual drinking. The value of the boy's property was estimated at $26,600, but he was judged incapable of attending to his affairs at present.

A good precaution against tramps, sneak thieves, and bold beggars is a chain fastened across the outer door, so that the door can be opened wide enough to see and speak with the person who rings, but not wide enough to admit one. Thus the door can not be pushed open by one from without, nor any one gain admittance without the consent of those within.

The Providence *Journal* tells the following old story, which is worth repeating: "A careful, old-fashioned man a few years ago came into town to sell some shares in a bank. 'Why do you wish to sell them?' he was asked. 'You can not invest your money better. The bank is well managed, the dividends are certain, regular, and satisfactory.' Our friend from the country replied: 'I know all that. The bank is well enough; but I don't want stock in a bank where the cashier keeps a race-horse and bets on the course.' When the cashier defaulted, a few years afterward, the overcautious old fogy did not hold any of the shares, which went down fifteen per cent."

Three gentlemen went in bathing the other day at Rye Beach. They walked into the water in their usual daily garb, arm in arm, one smoking, one carrying a cane, and the third an umbrella. They went through the breakers up to their necks, and caused some amusement to spectators.

A member of the American rifle team makes a public communication to explain why the Americans did not shoot at Wimbledon. The Elcho Shield was presented by Lord Elcho to the National Rifle Association of Great Britain for annual competition between teams of eight from England, Ireland, and Scotland, upon certain conditions. The association could not change these conditions so as to admit a representative team from another country, without Lord Elcho's consent, and in any event the propriety of such a change would be questionable. It would establish a precedent that might cause trouble in future, and the friendly rivalry between the three kingdoms could not exist after such an innovation. The teams themselves requested the council of the association to allow the American team to compete with them; but the council finally decided not to grant their request—a decision which the "member of the American team" regards as "wise and just."

According to the arrangements made by the Commissioners of Rapid Transit with the Greenwich and the Gilbert Elevated Street Railway Companies, there will be a system of trains run between certain hours, both morning and evening, for the special accommodation of those who desire to go to their daily work at those times. These trains will be designated as "commission trains," and only half the usual fare will be charged. Such an arrangement as this has long been needed, and it is hoped may meet the wants of the laboring population of the city, who are often far from their homes, and yet find high rates of fare difficult for them to manage.

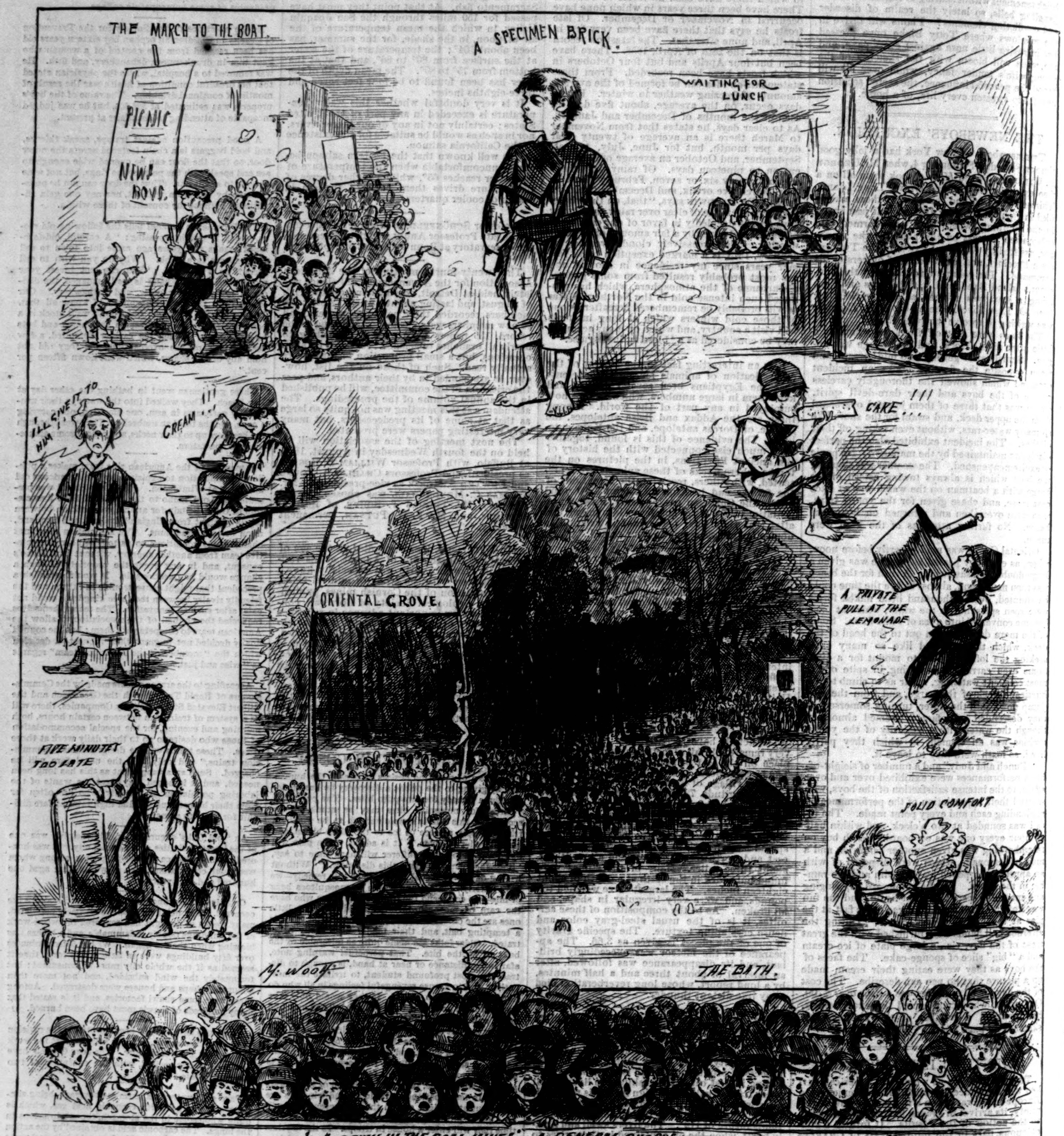
An "old folks' excursion" in Philadelphia was one of the latest festivities of that quiet city. It was honored by the presence of 2200 old people, among whom were four centenarians, two of whom were aged one hundred and four years.

On July 5, at Sreenuggur, India, a most disastrous fire occurred. The neighborhood was densely populated, many weeks of drought had rendered the wood-work of the buildings doubly inflammable, and a breeze was blowing when the fire began. Within fifteen minutes over fifty buildings were in flames, and for a time it seemed as if the whole city must be consumed; but fortunately the wind subsided, and not more than about 1500 shops and houses were destroyed. Among these were some shawl factories, and it is stated that many hundreds of shawls must have been burned.

Five years have already been devoted to the revision of the New Testament, and it is believed that the work will require five years more. The four Gospels have been completely revised, with the exception of two disputed points.

Pure soda-water is a harmless beverage, being simply water charged with carbonic acid gas, which is quite wholesome in the stomach, though injurious in the lungs. The carbonic acid is obtained by the action of sulphuric acid on marble dust, which is carbonate of lime. It is the escape of the surplus gas which can not be retained by the water that makes the soda-water foam up in the glass. Pure flavorings are not deleterious, but many artificial substitutes are used of a highly questionable character.

It is not often that a man is undressed by machinery; but such an event happened to a miller in Jackson, Michigan. One night some gearing in the Etna Mills began to creak, and while oiling it, a key on the shaft caught in the breast of his shirt and held him down, drawing him still tighter. He was thrown over the shaft, his light went out, and then in the dark he coolly braced himself, and let the shaft slowly tear off his clothing by strips; the undressing operation was not delicately performed. Gradually his clothes parted company with him, causing severe pain by the roughness of their taking off, and at last he felt that he was no longer in the toils. Slowly he drew himself back, and started to grope his way down the stairs, for he knew that cries of help would not be heard below. On hands and knees he made his way along till he reached the head of the stairs, when he staggered to his feet, got down to the ground-floor, and appeared to his fellow-workmen, pale and trembling, clad only in a shirt collar and the waistband of his pantaloons. His first remark was, "Well, boys, I've stopped that squeaking." His shoulder was found to be dislocated, and he was badly bruised. His clothes were wound around the shaft so tightly that it was necessary to shut down the mill to remove them.

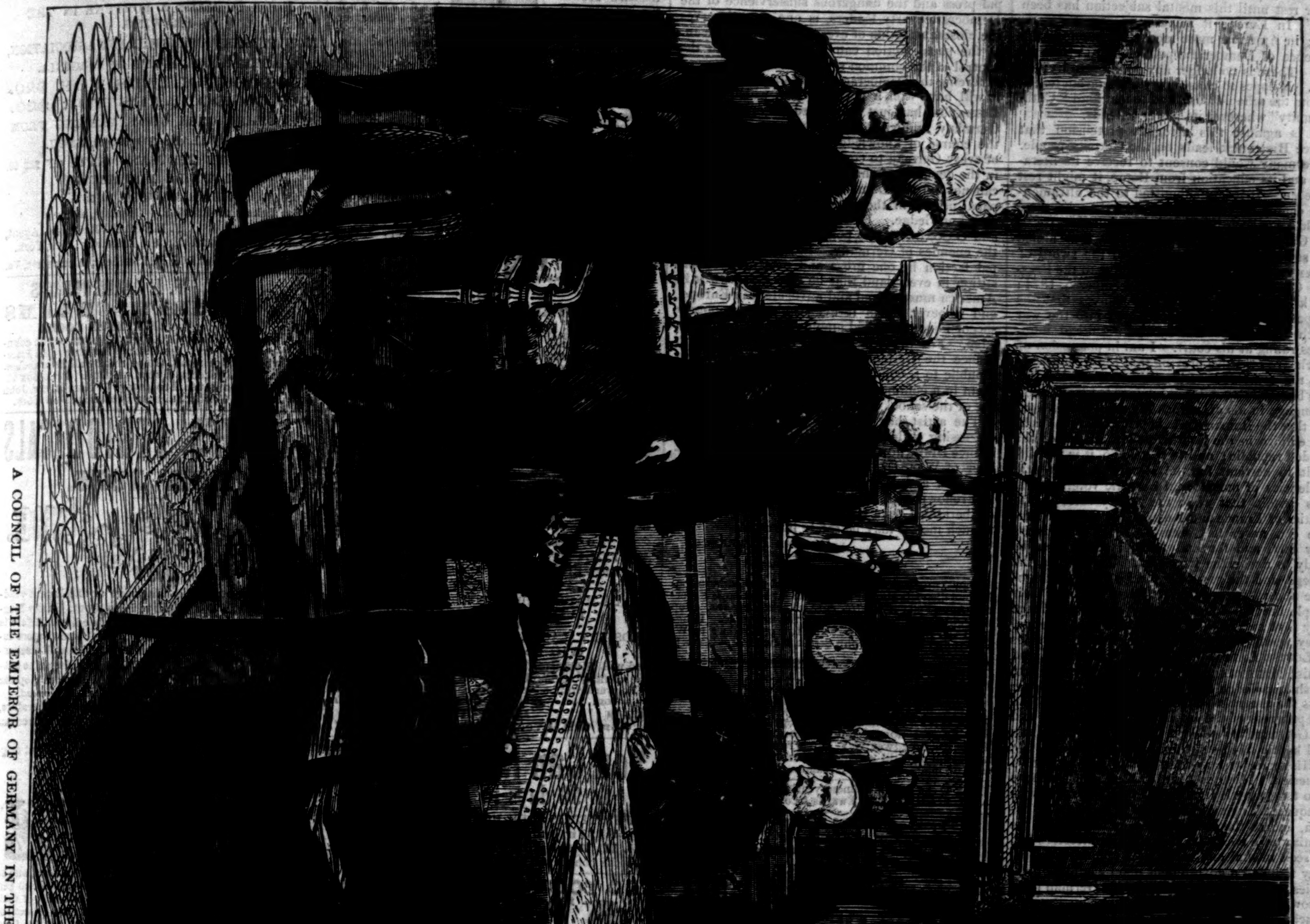


THE NEWSBOYS' EXCURSION—A DAY OF JOLLY SPORT.—[See Page 803.]

GERMANY AND THE SCHOOL QUESTION.

On the German people has fallen in the present century the duty of sustaining a leading part in the politics of Europe and America. They are once more forced to repel in both hemispheres the menacing arm of Rome. HERMANN, whose statue was recently unveiled amidst the but the fate of knowledge and of progress is bound up with that of Germany, and covers it with an impenetrable shield. So long as Germans are united, popes and kings will vainly plan its ruin. The statue of HERMANN that rises enormous and resplendent above the ravines of Detmold, where the decisive battle between Rome and Germany was fought, bears in its hand a sword twenty-four feet long, inscribed, "Ger- Polish provinces; Belgium has been converted into a hostile territory. France is ruled by the ultramontane bishops. Austria is arming anew. In every country in Europe Rome is stirring up enmity against Germany, and in the heart of Germany itself it may find its most formidable allies.

Upon Germany in Europe rests the safety of education and the progress of the European in- lemical," and then labored to hide its want of fairness by a subterfuge. M. OGER, the translator of *Vaticanism*, has just convicted the French minister of a plain misstatement, to use the gentlest term, and the priests triumph in their shame. At the O'CONNELL celebration Cardinal CULLEN employed the moment of Irish enthusiasm to insist upon the right of the Papal Church to the education of nations. He will have no



A COUNCIL OF THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY IN THE PALACE UNTER DEN LINDEN.

forests whence his patriotic zeal repulsed the Roman legions, and BISMARCK, who has left Germany united and free, divided by the lapse of eighteen centuries, are the representatives of that independent race which has never changed nor has ever yielded to a spiritual or a temporal foe. The Pope may assert that the German Empire is a disjointed fabric which a stone from his ecclesiastical sling may dissipate, papal France and Austria may join him in plotting its ruin, man unity my strength; my strength Germany's might." ("Deutsche Einigkeit meine Stärke; meine Stärke Deutschlands Macht.") To make this legend false and unmeaning is the aim of the papal priests in Europe and America, and to set German against German is the last hope of unsparing Rome. They have not been altogether unsuccessful. Bavaria has been won by the ultramontanes; a strong papal faction exists in the German Reichstag; there is discontent in the tellect. The sword of HERMANN and of BISMARCK is raised only against those who would close the common schools and check the rise of knowledge. What papal Rome demands is the complete control of the popular mind. It permits no discussion of its doctrines and no revolt against its policy. In France recently the government, under the guidance of the papal priests, refused to permit the free circulation of Mr. GLADSTONE's pamphlets because they were "po- compromises. Said Monsignor NARDI, an ultramontane prelate, to the Catholic Congress in France: "As there can not be freedom to poison rivers or to throw stones at windows, so there can not be liberty to distort young intelligences and to lead young hearts astray by theories which, indeed, do not bear a serious examination. The freedom to do wrong does not exist." By "doing wrong" the bishop means all teaching that is not controlled by priest or nun. No GALILEO

or Newton, no Milton or Macaulay, can be suffered to poison the minds of each new generation with novel inquiries; and a fierce fanaticism against knowledge and invention, science and humanity, truth and religion, is to be inculcated in every papal school. The Roman Catholic Church in its ultramontane form demands from every nation a perfect submission to its educational theory. It openly declares that it will never rest until this mental subjection has been won. In Europe it menaces war and desolation; in America, more modest, it employs the influence of Democratic politicians to attain its aim. There is no longer any doubt as to its purpose. It hopes to chase every unsectarian teacher from the school-house, and to maintain "Catholic unity" wherever its power extends.

It is against this arrogant pretension that Prince Bismarck leads on the German people. If Germany would consent to receive its literature and its education from Rome, it might rest in peace. If it had submitted to the ultramontane claims its conscience and its thought, there would have been no French invasion, nor, possibly, German unity. It was Rome that aimed the sudden blow, and unsheathed the sword of Hermann. Said Prince Bismarck to the Prussian Chamber of Deputies, December 5, 1874: "I know from the very best sources that the Emperor Napoleon was dragged into the war much against his will by the Jesuitical influences ruling at his court. I am in possession of conclusive evidence proving that the war of 1870 was the combined work of France and Rome." It is believed that a Jesuit intrigue led Napoleon to engage in his disastrous Mexican expedition, and that the Roman Curia hoped to found a Catholic empire in the South upon the ruins of our divided republic; and if this be so, it is not difficult to account for the somewhat unpatriotic tendencies of our Roman Catholic voters. But it is certain that while the papacy rules in the politics of France and Austria, the German Empire can never feel secure. Knowledge is its only ally, and for knowledge it must ever be ready to unsheathe its sword. The school, the college, and the press are the foes the ultramontane and reactionary priests most fear. If their people become educated, they are lost. Hence they rave and rage against all liberal knowledge. They would teach in every school the miracles of Louise Lateau or the Lady of Lourdes, and banish Milton and Descartes forever. It is to crush knowledge that every ultramontane power toils for the ruin of Germany. It is to defend the progress of the intellect that Bismarck and his Germans have drawn the sword of Hermann and kept a sleepless watch beside the Rhine.

His example may instruct his countrymen in America. Here so long divided, the Germans who fought with Hermann and the Saxons who conquered England are reunited in one free nation, and to the German race is committed the destiny of a continent. Here our ancestors fled to seek mental and religious freedom, and here they founded a government upon Teutonic principles, and prepared a home for the German race. Knowledge is the foundation of our institutions, education the centre of our progress. And here in our midst again the enemies of knowledge have begun a crusade as real, though not yet as martial, as that with which they threaten the Rhine provinces and Bavaria. Priests, politicians, Irish Catholics, corrupt Americans, and fallen Germans demand the destruction of our common schools. The wave of ultramontanism has swept over the continent. Is it less fierce and cruel than it has ever proved in its native seat? In Canada it expels the ashes of the innocent Guibord from his own tomb, and would scatter them to the winds as it scattered those of Wycliffe. It wars on the dead, and confirms the worst tales of the Inquisition. Or in Acapulco it massacres, or in San Miguel tears in pieces, in New York terrifies, and in Ohio subdues. Does any one doubt that this strange revival of mediæval fanaticism would resort to violence wherever it dared, and war upon American institutions as openly as it assails the German Empire? Would not the papal politicians employ force to close every public school? Would they not, had they the power, place a Moreno in our Presidential chair, and rule by horrible murders, as in Ecuador?

Such is the faction to which the Democratic leaders have united their party, and from whose aid alone they can hope to win any future election. Every Catholic editor calls on his adherents to vote only for the Democracy, or plainly intimates the objects and the hopes of his Church. Priests instruct their people how to vote from the pulpit, and papal newspapers promise the Roman Catholic suffrage to their allies. In all the Northern States a large, and sometimes the larger, part of the Democratic vote is guided by men as fierce and fanatical as those who would rend the bones of Guibord and approve of the massacre of Acapulco. Uneducated, fierce, relentless, they obey the Democratic leaders, and follow Seymour and Tilden at the command of the priests. Is it safe to place political power in the hands of such men? Shall this dangerous class be suffered to rule in the republic? One would suppose that the question itself would seem folly, that men of every party, race, and creed would hasten to vote against this terrible faction, and drive the papal priests and their supporters to deserved obscurity and shame. Yet such is the mingled cunning and audacity of the ultramontanes that they control the Democracy, and sometimes even weak Republicans; claim toleration where they mean only revolution and tyranny; promise bribes of political power; caress where they would destroy. Let not Germans be deceived by their arts. With Prince Bismarck, let them crush the serpent that lies coiled around the cradle of knowledge. If the papacy is to be trusted by Germans in Europe, then it may be trusted in America. If Germans would confide the destinies of Germany to the priests of Rome, then let them vote with the Democracy and the papal faction in Ohio and New York. If they love the enemies of Germany here, let them go with them to the polls. But, recreant and fallen, let them never again lift their eyes to the sword of Hermann, or venture to revisit their father-land.

The "school question," which has been excited among us by the violent action of the papal press and the dangerous subservience of the Democratic party leaders, is one that deserves the closest attention of every German-American. If the papal faction can in any way obtain the control of the common schools, and if it succeed in forcing the Democracy to sustain papal schools, it will have won a position from which Prince Bismarck has just succeeded in driving it in Germany, and will begin at once to circumscribe the course of knowledge. It is the plain duty of every German to consider where he will stand in the decision of this important question. He can not aid the Democracy without helping the papal priests in their crusade against Germany and knowledge. He can not follow Tilden and O'Conor to the polls without joining with the enemies of Germany. So united is the papal faction by one gross and overruling superstition in every land that he who acts with it in America must defend and advocate it in Europe, and whoever lends it even only a temporary succor must be ranked among the foes of knowledge. For the aim of the Papal Church is to reduce the German Empire and the American republic to a common subjection or overwhelm them in a common ruin. This is the real meaning of the school question.

The artist has sketched a council at Berlin discussing ecclesiastical affairs. The Emperor, Prince Bismarck, General Von Kameske, Minister of War, Dr. Falk, Minister of Public Instruction and Worship, and others of scarcely less renown make up the assembly. Upon their deliberations rests the fate of knowledge. And to such men it may be safely intrusted.

Eugene Lawrence.

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Vol. VIII.

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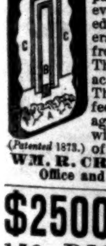

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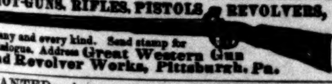

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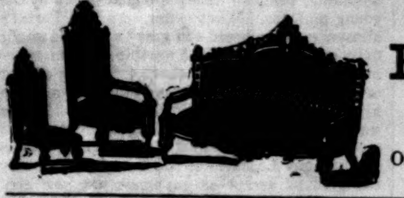

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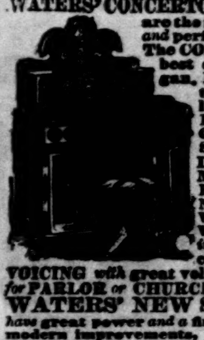

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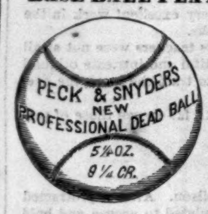

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GENERAL LORING, OF THE EGYPTIAN ARMY.

SOME time since we referred in the *Weekly* to the fact of the employment of American officers by the Khedive of Egypt at the head of his army, in place of those of other nationalities (chiefly French) heretofore filling such posts. At the same time we gave portraits of the Khedive and of Colonel LONG, one of these American officers, who had distinguished himself in African exploration, and received promotion for his services.

Earliest among these American army organizers in Egypt, the oldest in commission since the retirement of General THADDEUS MOTT, of New York, the pioneer, is the gallant soldier whose portrait is given on this page, and whose career possesses all the interest of a romance, although he is a man still in the prime of life and vigor. Invited by the Khedive, through General MOTT, to enter his service in 1869 as Lerodu Pasha, or brigadier-general, and inspector-general of the army of Egypt, he was given in 1870 the command of the Alexandria department and of the Rosetta mouth of the Nile. Three years later, as a recognition of his great services in re-organizing the army, he received from the Khedive the decoration of the Osmaneeyah, or grand commander—reserved for veterans who have successfully commanded armies in the field. The same year he was promoted to the grade of Fereek Pasha, equal to that of major-general in the United States service, the highest rank attainable in the Egyptian army, retaining his command, and the control of the coast defenses, on which the safety of Egypt mainly depends.

His military career began with his boyhood, when he ran away from his home in Florida to join the Texan insurgents, for which Texas has recently voted him a pension. He has also held high civil positions of trust, having been four times elected to the Legislature of his native State, after being admitted to the bar, just before accepting a commission in the United States army, which determined his future career. This was at the time of the Mexican war, when he was appointed senior captain in a regiment of mounted riflemen, and fought in most of the great battles of that bloody war—at Vera Cruz, Cerro Gordo, Chapultepec, Cherubusco, and the City of Mexico. At the taking of the city he lost his left arm at the Garita Belen, one of the gates of the city, and was greatly complimented for gallantry by his immediate commander, and by General SCOTT, who had already mentioned him, with three others, as conspicuous for bravery, in his dispatches from Cerro Gordo. He lost his arm while leading the attack in advance of all others, and was promoted to major and brevetted lieutenant-colonel and colonel for gallantry in those battles.

GENERAL LORING, OF THE EGYPTIAN ARMY.

After the war, in 1849, he marched his regiment across the continent, protecting emigrants to California, making a successful march of over 2600 miles to Oregon, commanding that department for three years, and preserving unbroken peace with the Indians. He was transferred to the frontier of the Rio Grande, and for five years was constantly engaged in border warfare with the Indians, then very troublesome on that frontier. After that he was again engaged in quelling disturbances in New Mexico, marching 2200 miles during the summer, and fighting the Apaches, etc. In 1858 he marched in winter to Utah to reinforce ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON, and served in the Mormon campaign. At the close of this year he was promoted to a colonelcy. He then obtained a leave of absence, and traveled over Europe and the East. In 1861 he commanded the Department of New Mexico, but resigned on the breaking out of the rebellion, joined the army of the Confederacy, and was respectively appointed brigadier and major general in that service.

As a characteristic incident and a proof of his unselfish convictions, it may be stated that having inherited a number of slaves, he and other members of his family manumitted them long before the war, and have provided for them to this day out of the wreck of his and their fortunes.

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

A SONNET.

THE sonnets sung in praises of the moon
  Men shun (save lovers) like a basilisk;
So—"happy thought!"—the subject of my tune
  Shall be the man within its silver disk.
The man i' the moon! that silent, grave old fellow,
  Who sails athwart the sky in dreamy doze;
The light around him, shadowy, lambent, mellow,
  Enhancing his luxuriance of repose.
The man i' the moon! who once in hasty mood
  Came down to earth to learn his way to knowledge,
But finding all things overdone or crude,
  Went sadder, wiser, back to Lunar College.
Yet still, with dreamy, speculative eyes,
  He tracks this earth forever through the skies.

THE WINNING COW.

THE "winning cow" is of vastly greater importance than the so much talked of "winning horse." The value of the race-course, under judicious regulations, in the improvement of our breed of horses is very great; but it is of even more consequence that the breed and every circumstance affecting the profitable care of other cattle should receive the utmost consideration of our people. Our agricultural fairs have done much to promote this consideration by encouraging competition and by rewarding excellence. Our illustration represents the most pleasant phase of this competition. The young farmer has brought home from the fair the winning cow, and is exhibiting the medal to his good and beautiful wife, who doubtless justly appropriates to herself no small share in the meed of honor. The cow receives from the daughter's hand most grateful attentions in the shape of delicious morsels, which she can better appreciate than any medal, while the curious and envious geese near by sustain their traditional character.

THE RETURN FROM THE FAIR—THE COW THAT WON THE MEDAL.

THE TRIBULATIONS OF A TROUT FISHER.

THE TRIBULATIONS OF A TROUT FISHER.

THOSE who are diligent and practical followers of IZAAK WALTON will need no explanation of our illustration. They know how to discriminate between the fact and the philosophy of angling. On the other hand, those who have not tried trouting, and whose experience is limited to what they may have read, would be inclined to regard it as an idle pastime. But the catching of trout includes much beyond what Mr. SCOTT so pleasantly inculcates in his excellent work, *Fishing in American Waters*. It is not enough to know how the hook is properly baited, nor to be attired in green or gray, with the most approved of wading boots and waterproof silk cape. The fullest knowledge of "the habits of trout and the devices necessary to present lures gracefully for their acceptance," though a valuable and necessary preliminary to success, does not meet all requirements. First the artist must find his trout—not an easy matter in our depleted mountain streams. And even in the best locality it is the very rarest thing to find the weather and water in a favorable state. Usually he either finds himself by a stream nearly dried up and under a broiling sun, or in a torrent of rain and by a swollen rivulet—neither situation being favorable to the sport. If the days are cloudless, the sun is blazing, the water like glass, and the flies intolerable. Our illustration portrays first this phase of experience. But soon the sky is changed, and the "tribulations" in like manner. The sportsman encounters torrents of rain and a howling wind, the river, white with foam from bank to bank, tearing down its rocky channel. Several times during the day he is blown off his legs. For a time he consoles himself with a diet of tough ham and new whisky, but finally surrenders himself to the elements and abandons the sport. Fortunately his experience is not universal, and the chance of an auspicious trouting season is not deemed too rare to be worth trying for.

Therefore it may be presumed that our picture will deter no true lover of angling from his favorite pastime, or even lead him to forsake the trout brook for those other resources of sport which in this country are so numerous and varied. It may be less difficult to take the black or striped bass, or to pursue with the rod and the troll those other varieties of fish that abound in our lakes and estuaries. But it is just because the capture of trout is so difficult and delicate a task, and presents so many discouraging obstacles, that it especially appeals to the angler's taste for adventure. Mr. SCOTT recommends Long Island to trout fishers, both for the size of the trout and the pleasantness of the surroundings.

THE ASTOR LIBRARY, NEW YORK—VIEW OF THE INTERIOR.

THE ASTOR LIBRARY.

THIS institution, of the interior of which we give an engraving on this page, owes its existence to the noble bequest of its founder, JOHN JACOB ASTOR, who, in a codicil to his will, appropriated the sum of $400,000 for its establishment and maintenance. An act for its incorporation passed the Legislature of New York in 1849, constituting the following named persons (previously selected by Mr. ASTOR) as a Board of Trustees—namely, WASHINGTON IRVING, WILLIAM B. ASTOR, D. LORD, Jun., J. G. KING, J. G. COGSWELL, FITZ GREENE HALLECK, S. B. RUGGLES, S. WARD, C. A. BRISTED, and the Mayor of New York, *ex officio*.

The will of Mr. ASTOR was proved on the 12th of April, and on the 20th of May following the trustees held their first meeting, accepting their office, and confirmed Mr. ASTOR's previous appointment of J. G. COGSWELL, one of their number, superintendent of the library. According to the provisions of the bequest, $75,000 was the sum authorized to be applied for the erection of the building, $120,000 for the purchase of books, and the residue of the $400,000 to be invested in real estate on bond and mortgage, the interest of which was to be applied to defray the expenses of maintaining the library.

In October, 1848, Mr. COGSWELL was sent to Europe for the purchase of books. Meanwhile the trustees had selected the site and the plan of Mr. SAELTZER, the architect, for the library edifice, which measures 65 feet front by 120 feet deep, and is in the Florentine style. This building, now known as the south library, was opened to the public February 1, 1854, with about 80,000 volumes, comprehending the several departments of knowledge. On the 1st of September, 1859, the new, or north, building was completed, when the entire institution, wholly re-arranged, was re-opened. The north hall, with the ground on which it stands, is the gift of Mr. WILLIAM B. ASTOR, who has also made other large donations to the institution, amounting to over $300,000. The number of books now in the Astor Library amounts to upward of 150,000 volumes; but the intrinsic value of the collection is not to be computed by its numerical extent so much as by the rarity and unique character of its productions. In this respect this library takes precedence of all others in the United States.

[Published by Special Arrangement with the Author.]

DEAD MEN'S SHOES:

A Novel.

BY MISS BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "HOSTAGES TO FORTUNE," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "STRANGERS AND PILGRIMS," "TAKEN AT THE FLOOD," "A STRANGE WORLD," ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

LOVE, THEN, HAD HOPE OF RICHER STORE.

AFTER that summer day under the plane-trees Sibyl utters the name of Secretan no more. Hope of relenting on her uncle's part there is none. If Alexis could forgive the man who in his version of the story came basely between father and son to cheat the son of his heritage, Stephen Trenchard's stubborn soul would stlll remain unsoftened. Reconciliation between these two was impossible. To retain her uncle's favor, and inherit a portion of his wealth, Sibyl must keep the secret of her marriage. A painful part to play even for a mind not untrained in deceit; but a necessary part, Sibyl tells herself. A difficult game, but for a stake well worth the winning. She has no exact measure of her uncle's possessions. He has never talked to her of his investments or told her his income, but she has a fixed idea that his wealth is almost without limit; that, like the Rothschilds or the Duke of Westminster, he could scarcely state the sum total of his riches if he were asked for exact figures. His fortune is a rolling mass of gold, she supposes, which grows larger at every turn, like a snow-ball. The respect she sees paid to him by the elect of Redcastle establishes her in this conviction of Stephen Trenchard's importance, for she knows that in this case importance can only mean money.

Lancaster Lodge is one of those handsomely finished, solidly built houses which adorn the outskirts of every country town, and are like temples dedicated to the genius of commonplace—houses in which the butler's pantry has been as carefully considered as the drawing-room, and in which my lady's boudoir is just as unlovely as John Thomas's attic under the leads. All the principal rooms are large and square and lofty. The passages are broad and straight. The staircase is well proportioned, ventilated and lighted to